

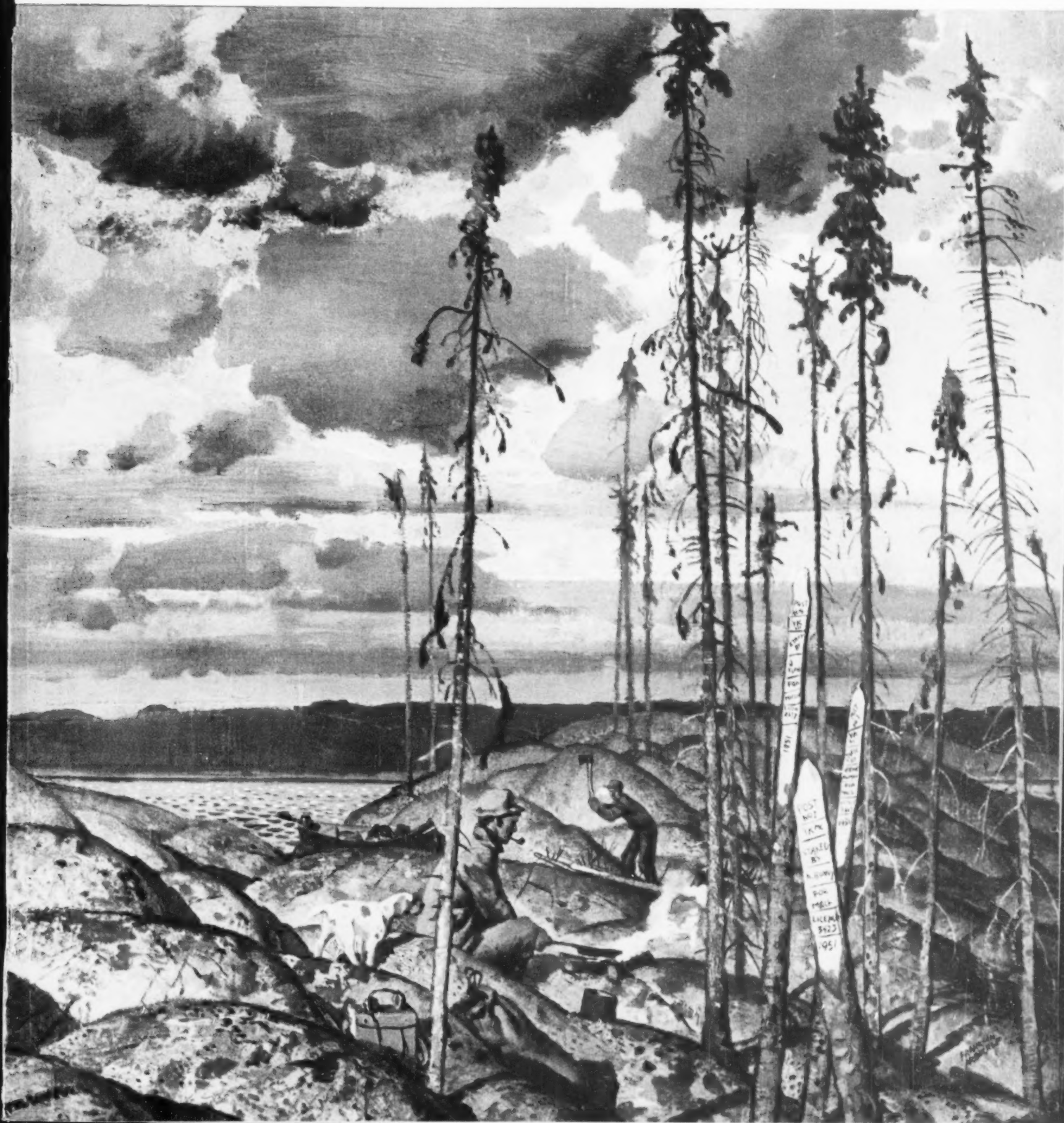
# MACLEAN'S

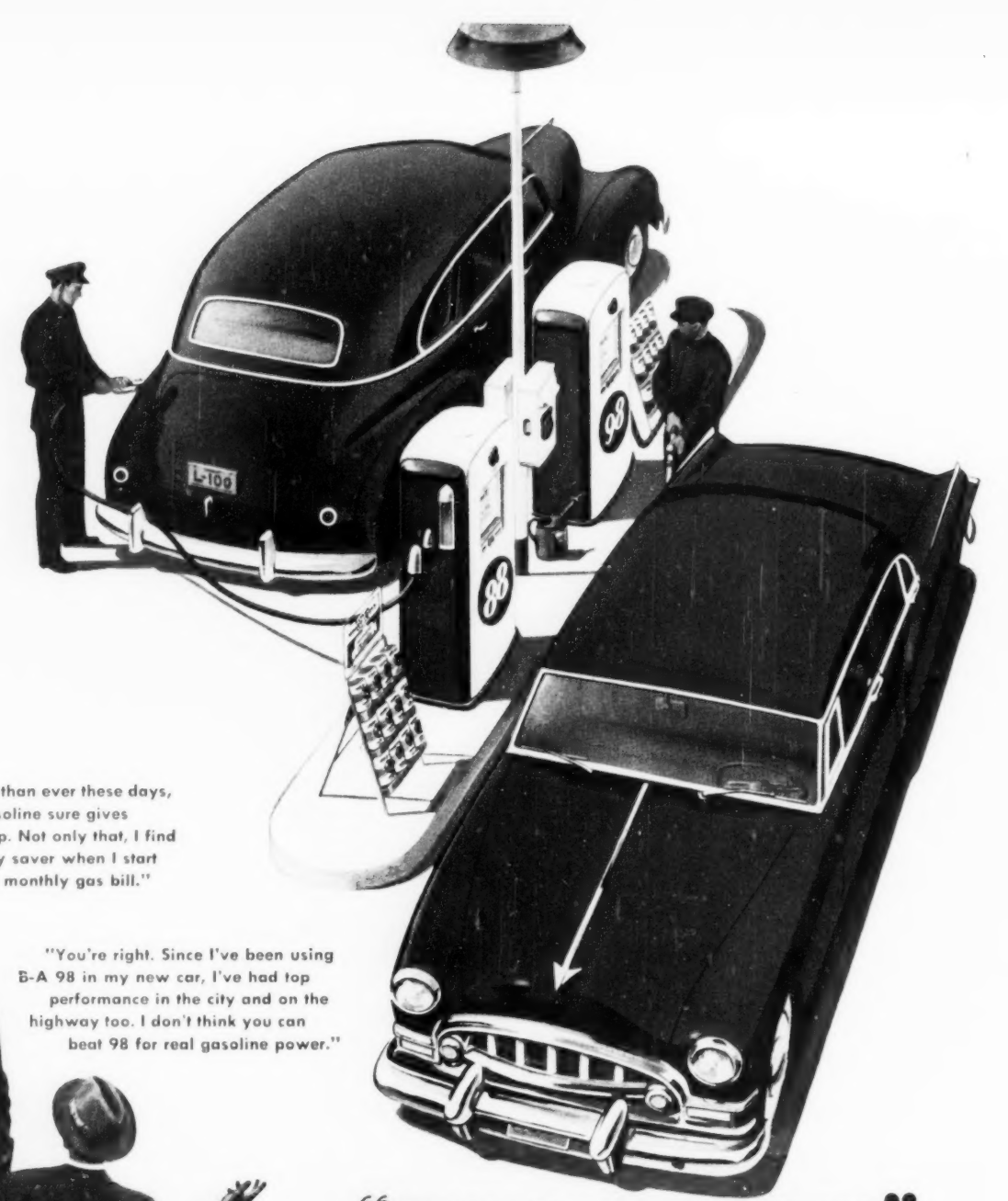
JULY 15 1951 • CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE • 15 CENTS

OUR FANTASTIC LEGACY  
FROM MACKENZIE KING

Are We Licking Inflation?

MONTREAL'S THE EATINGEST TOWN





"I'm driving more than ever these days, and this B-A 88 gasoline sure gives my car more pep. Not only that, I find 88 is a real money saver when I start figuring out the monthly gas bill."

"You're right. Since I've been using B-A 98 in my new car, I've had top performance in the city and on the highway too. I don't think you can beat 98 for real gasoline power."

# "TOP RATED"

## B-A 88 & 98

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The Largest Oil Company Owned by Canadians



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Hundreds of everyday uses for Nickel have been developed by the Nickel industry through a planned program of research. Today a large share of Canada's Nickel production is being diverted from peacetime uses into channels for preparedness. So the Nickel mine facilities, greatly expanded over the past decade, are again being operated at peak capacity. There is actually more Nickel now being delivered by Canada to the free world than in any peacetime year.

### CANADIAN NICKEL



*"The Romance of Nickel" a 60-page book fully illustrated, will be sent free on request to anyone interested.*



*The tops of the modern soda fountain and ice cream cabinet are a gleaming nickel alloy—sanitary, rust-proof, beautiful.*



*Freezing coils for refrigeration and ice cream freezers are made of corrosion-resistant nickel alloys. Nickel alloy containers protect the purity and flavor of fruits and syrups.*



THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, 25 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO



## EDITORIAL

# A CREW-CUT VIEW OF THE MASSEY REPORT

THE greatest service the Massey Commission could have done for Canadian culture lay, unfortunately, quite beyond its terms of reference. What Canadian culture needs most of all is a new word for culture—a word as exciting as sex or as earthy as eating; a word to remind us all, highbrow and lowbrow alike, that culture only means the way we live; a word to remind us that the small boy playing cowboys and Indians is a partner and a product of our culture and so is the small girl listening for the song of a meadow lark, and a great part of the final happiness of both will always lie in the magic realm of the mind and the imagination.

As we say, it wasn't up to the Massey Commission to find such a word. It did, however, do the next best thing. It produced a careful, competent report which has very little to do with the length of the average Canadian's hair, but has a great deal to do with the ultimate shape and dimensions of his mind and his imagination.

The issues which it brought into focus may well affect our political and economic future too.

Most of the commission's observations and recommendations are conditioned by one premise:

"American influences on Canadian life to say the least are impressive. There should be no thought of interfering with the liberty of all Canadians to enjoy them. Cultural exchanges are excellent in themselves. They widen the choice of the consumer and provide stimulating competition for the producer. It cannot be denied, however, that a vast and disproportionate amount of material coming from a single alien source may stifle rather than stimulate our own creative effort; and, passively accepted without any standard of comparison, this may weaken critical faculties. We are now spending millions to maintain a national independence which would be nothing without a vigorous and distinctive cultural life. We have seen that we have its elements in our traditions and in our history; we have made important progress, often aided by American generosity. We must not be blind, however, to the very present danger of permanent dependence."

Virtually all the commission's recommendations follow in a straight line from this and the largely parallel proposition that "If modern nations were marshaled in the order of the importance which they assign to those things with which this enquiry is concerned, Canada would be found far from the vanguard; she would even be near the end of the procession." The measures it suggests are modest and reasonable in cost: Federal aid to the universities, in the opinion of Maclean's the most urgent of all its proposals; better and more distinctively Canadian programs on the CBC; a National Library, a new National Gallery, more museums.

Such things alone will not achieve much, as

the commission recognizes. The most we can ever do by spending money and passing resolutions is to create a more friendly and effervescent climate for the writers, the painters, the musicians (and for the good of the soul let's add the editors), who have been too prone to blame their own shortcomings on the climate in which their work now appears.

It would be a relatively simple thing for this magazine to hide its deficiencies, which are far from negligible, behind the sympathetic and cogent words which the Massey Commission had to say about Canadian magazines.

"In our periodical press," the commission said, "we have our closest approximation to a national literature. It has given encouragement to Canadians writing about Canada, and not infrequently has the dubious pleasure of nurturing Canadian writers to the point where they can sell their wares to more affluent American periodicals. We are informed that the important Canadian magazines have a Canadian content of seventy or eighty percent, that they do attempt to interpret Canada as a whole to all Canadians, that they comment vigorously upon national issues in a non-partisan spirit, and that they manage to survive and even to flourish although American periodicals outsell them by more than two to one in their own Canadian market. Canadian magazines, unlike Canadian textiles or Canadian potatoes, are sheltered by no protective tariff, although the growing extent of the Canadian market has attracted the interest of American advertisers and magazines so that competition from the south has become increasingly vigorous. We were impressed by the fact that the Canadian periodicals neither desired nor requested any protective measures apart from an adjustment of tariff rates on paper imported from the United States for publishing purposes."

We read these words, applying as they do to our own trade, with approval for their truth and a not altogether unselfish regret that such a truth exists. We hope that in time some small part of this truth will go away. We hope it will go away not only for Canadian editors but for Canadian writers and painters and composers and small Canadian girls listening for the song of the meadow lark above the neighing of Hopalong Cassidy's horse.

But we are under no illusion that anybody can make it go away except ourselves. We are under no illusion that anybody can legislate quality into a book, a painting, a song, a magazine or the mind of a scholar. Governments and foundations and commissions can help to enhance the opportunities for a stronger Canadian culture; the course which that culture is to take must finally depend on what goes into the product itself.

## MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Ralph Allen ..... Editor  
John Clare ..... Managing Editor  
Blair Fraser ..... Ottawa Editor

Assistant Editors: Pierre Berton, Articles; McKenzie Porter, Fiction; Gene Aliman, Art; N. O. Bonisteel, Photos; Leslie F. Hannon, Herb Manning, Sidney Katz, Ian Sclanders, Barbara Moon.

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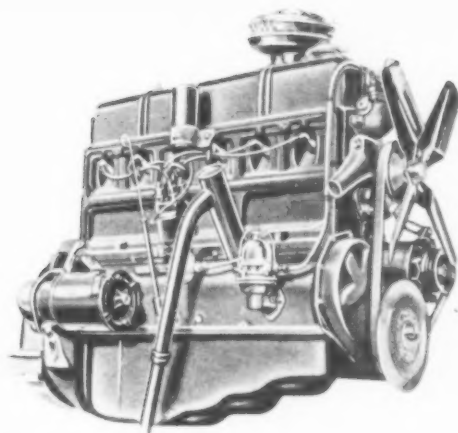
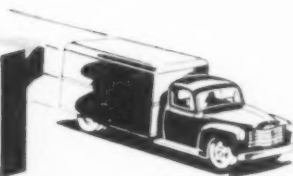
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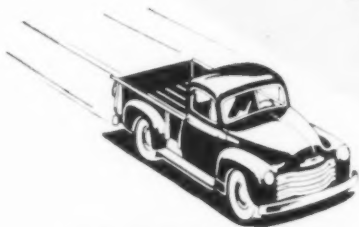
MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, TORONTO, JULY 15, 1951



# BUILT for HARD



# WORK!



## BUILT FOR THE TOUGHEST JOBS

## *NEW AND MIGHTY*

# CHEVROLET TRUCKS

*They're Canada's overwhelming favourite for every kind of operation and why not . . .*

**NEW SAFETY** — with the new twin-action self-energizing hydraulic brakes.

**NEW COMFORT** — with the new No-Draft Ventipanes plus improved driver seat construction with "tilt-back" action.

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They're the smartest looking trucks on the road — feature for feature you can't beat the leader — Chevrolet Trucks.

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**BEST FOR ANY RUN IN '51**

## FOR YOUR SUMMER SAFETY

Sunshine, fresh air, exercise, and relaxation are essential to good health. Now that the summer months are here, doctors urge everyone to take full advantage of the opportunity for outdoor activities.

Summer holidays, however, are often marred by accidents and injuries. That is why it is important to know first aid and other measures that

may help prevent serious crippling, perhaps even save someone's life.

It is well to remember that if an accident occurs and there is any doubt about the seriousness of the injury, the only safe thing to do is — *call the doctor at once*. Here are some other precautions that everyone may take for summer health and safety.



**When swimming** — be sure to take proper precautions when swimming or playing in the water, as drowning from these causes claims many lives each year. Do not swim alone — or too soon after eating. Obey all warning signs — especially those regarding diving or swimming too far from the shore. It is also wise to safeguard your children by teaching them how to swim early in life.



**When sunning** — remember that the sun is strong "medicine" and that sunburn causes an annual loss of several thousands of work days. So, take the sun in small doses — about 10 minutes the first day, 20 the second. Sunburn usually can be prevented by applying a "sun-protective" preparation to the skin before exposure. However, to protect yourself against sunstroke or heatstroke, always avoid long, direct exposure to the sun.



**When motoring** — constantly watch other cars on the road. This may help you avoid an accident, even if other drivers do something wrong. By watching traffic carefully, it is often possible to anticipate situations that might lead to an accident. Take every precaution for your own protection when you see others violating the rules of safe driving.



**When exercising** — make sure that you do not overdo any form of physical activity to which you are unaccustomed. The best rule, if in doubt, is to check with your doctor about week-end and vacation activities. He will advise you about the kind and amount of exercise that will be safe and beneficial. In any event, avoid excessive fatigue.



**When camping** — watch out for poison ivy, to which 2 out of 3 adults are sensitive. Remember the old adage — "leaves three, let it be." Also be on guard against other poisonous plants, such as poison oak and poison sumac. Be prepared for all minor injuries — such as cuts and burns — by including a first aid kit in your equipment.



**When starting on a trip** — make certain that your car is in good condition before starting on a summer outing. Brakes, steering mechanism, lights, tires and other vital parts should be thoroughly inspected. Remember, too, that the older your car gets, the more carefully it should be checked mechanically.

First aid courses are given in most communities by the St. John Ambulance Association. Taking these courses will help prepare you to act quickly and efficiently in case of accidental injury.

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(A MUTUAL COMPANY)  
Home Office: New York  
Canadian Head Office: Ottawa

**Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.**  
Canadian Head Office: Ottawa

Please send me a copy of your booklet, "First Aid," entitled "First Aid."

Name

Street

City  Prov.

## LONDON LETTER by Beverley Baxter



Famous horse trainer Jack Jarvis relaxes in his garden next door to the Jockey Club.

## INTO THE KINGDOM OF THE HORSE

**M**ANY years ago when I was editor of the Daily Express we had a promising staff writer named H. V. Morton. Circulation was sluggish and the British public was putting up a stiff resistance to our blandishments. How could we penetrate that iron curtain?

One day I sent for Morton and we discussed all sorts of ideas which ended up in his setting out "In Search of England." Where and what was England? Was it to be found in a village or in the industrial north, by a salmon river or the murky Thames, in Piccadilly or Wordsworth's Lake District?

The series was a great success, so much so in fact that we subsequently sent Morton in search of Scotland and then Wales. One day he modestly asked if he could have the book publication rights and I agreed. It put thousands of pounds a year into his pocket and he was able to retire from active journalism and the whims of editors.

I was reminded of this last week end when I entrained for Newmarket for the purpose of speaking at a Conservative out-of-doors rally. It is possible that there are readers of Maclean's who know nought of Newmarket save its namesake which lies somewhere north of Toronto. May I then explain to them that England's Newmarket is the holy of holies, the supreme breeding and training centre of the four-legged aristocrats, and the home of the Jockey Club which is harder to get into than the Kremlin.

There is a racecourse with a grandstand set upon the blasted heath, where in the spring the first two classics for three-year-olds are run — the Two Thousand Guineas for males and the One Thousand Guineas

for females. These are the preliminaries for the Derby and the Oaks run a few weeks later at Epsom; but do not imagine that the winners only get the guineas. Actually the Two Thousand Guineas race was worth fourteen thousand pounds this year, the sum going rather ominously to a Chinese restaurant proprietor in London.

Now for an abject confession. Never before had I been to Newmarket, although it is less than a two hours' train journey from London. But the sitting Tory member, Bill Aitken, the airman nephew of Lord Beaverbrook, had invited me to address his constituents assembled beneath the open canopy of the sky. In the stern path of duty I agreed.

The train ambled from King's Cross to Cambridge and I was able to contemplate the undulating countryside with the calm detachment of the sole passenger in a first-class compartment which, it is alleged, is an Englishman's conception of heaven. They say that railway travel is an obsolete form of transport but how infinitely more comfortable and pleasing it is than motoring. None of the mad rush of the roads, no ugly towns, just a pleasant voyage through meadows and by streams, with contemplative cows chewing the cud of reflection.

Aitken met me with a car and off we went into the heart of the country. There is a natural unspoiled elegance about the area that surrounds the town of Newmarket. Country houses, set reasonably far apart, defy the creeping ugliness of progress. This is a kingdom within a kingdom dedicated to the horse and the glory thereof. Let the outer world rage and roar but there is silence

*Continued on page 32*



## *We're Luckier Than We Deserve*

**I**N BELGRADE the United States Embassy was bitterly annoyed with Mike Handler of the New York Times. Handler is an able sympathetic reporter who thinks Yugoslavia a useful military ally, worthy of help. However, he did point out in a recent article that Tito's Yugoslavia is a Communist state, and that Tito is asking the United States and Britain to underwrite the deficit of a Communist five-year plan.

In Belgrade we all thought this was pretty funny, but I didn't realize quite how funny it was until I got to London. I needed an American transit visa to return to Canada as I planned—by Scandinavian Airlines system via New York. So I took my passport over to Grosvenor Square for a visa, a process that normally takes about an hour.

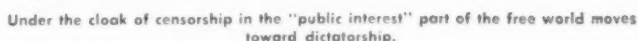
Why? Because I had been to Yugoslavia. By recent and very strict order of the State Department no U. S. mission abroad could issue

Yes, we know. The State Department's instructions are that Yugoslavia be counted as an Iron-Curtain country. No visa could be issued until the application had been sent to Washington, cleared there, and returned to London.

Very unofficially an American official said, "I hope you write a story about this. We think it's as silly as you do, but there's nothing we can do about it."

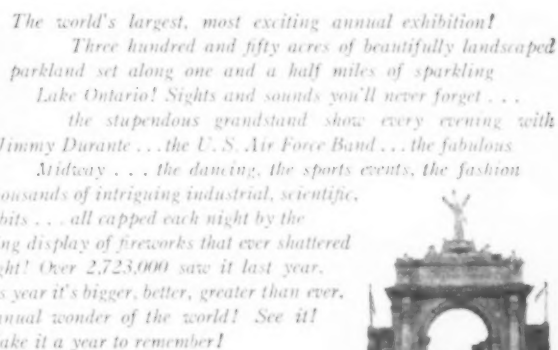
In Yugoslavia, of course, the mail is censored, so I didn't want to mail any dispatches from Belgrade. I thought I'd get my Yugoslav piece (see page 10) off from Athens, where I had an overnight stop.

In Athens the first sign I noticed in the airline office said: "Passengers are forbidden to carry letter mail, by order of the Ministry of Internal Security." *Continued on page 54*



A black and white photograph of a smiling man, a woman, and a young boy, likely a family, with a collage of text and small illustrations overlaid. The text includes words like 'food', 'u.s.', 'aerial', 'dog show', 'singer', 'armed', 'fancy', 'band', 'food', 'u.s. air', 'aerialist', 'dog show', 'singers', 'armed fore', 'fancy divi', 'band shell', 'foo', 'u', 'aerialists', 'dog show', 'famo', 'grand', 'diving', 'con', 'mus', 'stron', 'tion', 'speedboat', 'softba', 'cooking', 'time fiddl', 'ments', 'search', 'reworks', 'mus', 'ing', 'stron', 's', 'at', 'boards', 'softba', 'ts', 'cooking', 'time fiddl', 'ments', 'search', 'works', 'mus', 'electror', 'tation', 'c', 'ers', 'speedboat', 'g outboard', 'sail boats', 'english cars'. Small illustrations include a person on a motorcycle, a group of people on a beach, and a group of people on a boat.

"The annual wonder  
of the world!"



R. C. Berkinshaw, President  
Elwood A. Hughes, General Manager



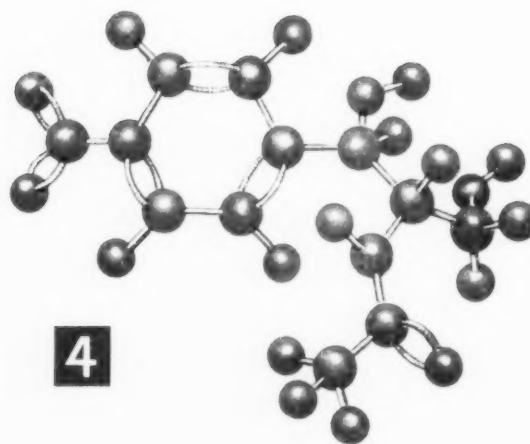
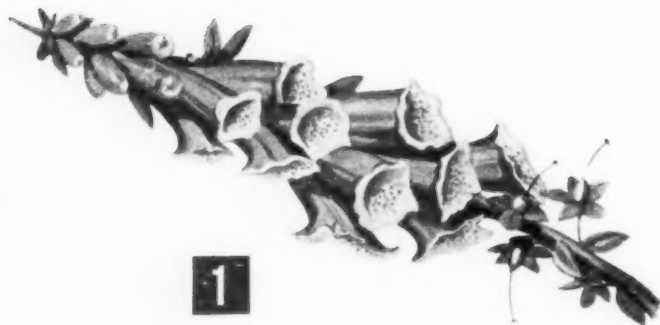
# CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION

AUG 24 to SEPT 8  
TORONTO



# What are the sources of today's medicines?

(THESE PICTURES WILL GIVE YOU CLUES TO SOME OF THEM)



**1. Plants** . . . the vegetable kingdom is the oldest known source of drugs, and the seeds, leaves, bark, and roots of a large variety of plants supply some of our most valuable remedial agents. Preparations made from the leaves of the digitalis plant, shown above, are widely used as heart stimulants.

**2. Minerals** . . . many useful medicines have their origin in the mineral resources of the earth. For example, various compounds of iron, copper, silver, and manganese are widely prescribed by

physicians. The good earth also yields the molds from which modern antibiotic drugs are derived.

**3. Animals** . . . from various animal sources come such important medicinal agents as hormones, liver extracts, vitamin factors, and blood derivatives, including antitoxins. The endocrine glands of cattle are the principal source of new compounds used in the treatment of arthritis.

**4. The chemical laboratory** . . . some drugs are actually "created" or built up in the research

laboratory by chemical synthesis. Included in this group are several of the important new antihistamines and antibiotics.

**To help guard your health,** your pharmacist stocks many different medicinal preparations. He knows them all intimately—their sources, their uses, their dosage, their chemical properties. He has the scientific ability, acquired through years of specialized training, to compound and dispense them on your doctor's prescription.

One of a series of advertisements designed to help you know your pharmacist better

**PARKE, DAVIS & CO., LTD.**

Manufacturing Laboratories, Walkerville, Ontario

*Parke, Davis & Company are makers of medicines prescribed by physicians and dispensed by pharmacists. Since 1896 the company has been engaged continuously in a broad, active program of research, keeping pace with the constant changes and progress in medicine and surgery. Among the more than 1400 products bearing the world-famous Parke-Davis label are Antibiotics, Antiseptics, Biologicals, Chemotherapeutic Agents, Endocrines, Pharmaceutical Preparations, Surgical Dressings and Vitamin Products.*



# *Our Fantastic Legacy From Mackenzie King*

By REGINALD HARDY

PHOTOS BY MALAK

*On a bushy hillside  
outside Ottawa he  
left Canada a strange man-made  
collection of ancient stone  
and salvaged relics  
on his Kingsmere estate.  
Did he leave a part of  
his personality there too?*

**G**ROTESQUE, fantastic, unreal, they stagger drunkenly along the wind-swept ridge of the bushy hillside—a crumbling heap of moss-grown, ivy-choked ruins, as unpredictable in their crazy contours as the puzzling personality of the man who put them there.

Nobody knows why the late William Lyon Mackenzie King erected his "synthetic ruins" at Kingsmere, or what strange longings, nagging inhibitions, or unfulfilled desires found expression in their building.

He poured thousands of dollars into their construction, gathering a bewildering assortment of fluted columns, orna-

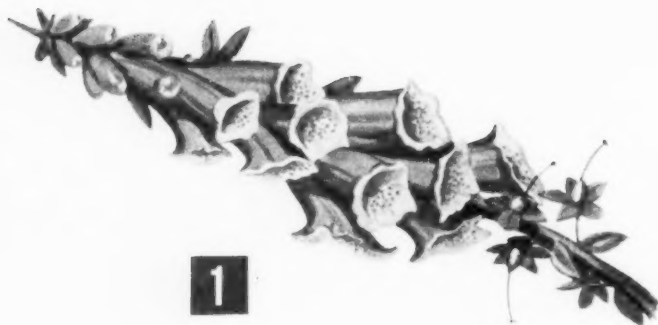
mental cornices and ancient arches from places as far distant as London, England, and for the best part of five years kept a prominent Ottawa contractor at his wit's end endeavoring to keep abreast of his capricious, ever-changing, ever-broadening plans.

He spent hours upon hours prowling about their serrated walls, peering through vacant windows, standing in the shadow of empty doorways which opened upon space and led to nowhere.

He liked best to view them in the moonlight when a silvery patina softened their harsh outlines, giving them a mysterious

# What are the sources of today's medicines?

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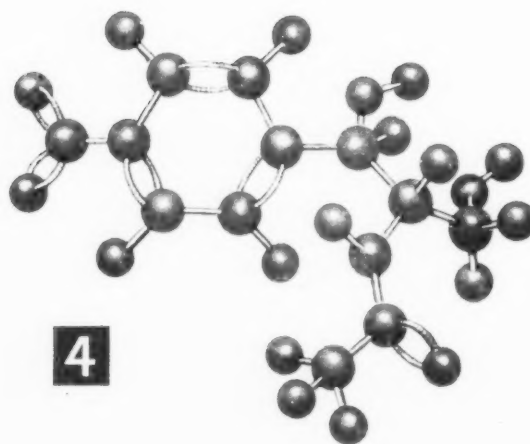
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## KINGSMERE — A "THANK-OFFERING" TO CANADA



Here at "The Farm," in the bedroom behind the dormer window at extreme right, King died a year ago.

ghostlike quality which they lacked at noon-day. And, as time went on, he often took a chair and sat quietly by a small, simply marked grave which lay sometimes in the sun, sometimes in the shadow of the brooding walls.

Today King's "ruins" belong to the people of Canada, but they are not the only amazing features of the five-hundred-acre estate which, by the terms of King's last will, is to be set aside, partly for use as a public park and partly as a permanent summer home for Canadian prime ministers.

King left the bulk of his fortune to the nation historic Laurier House and a trust fund of \$225,000 for its upkeep; another trust fund of \$100,000 to provide traveling scholarships for graduates of Canadian universities; and, finally, the property which he had always considered peculiarly and particularly his own—his beloved summer home at Kingsmere.

Each of the three bequests has its own special significance, reflecting in singularly sharp and re-

vealing detail a separate, well-defined and fully developed phase of King's career.

In Laurier House is reflected the public personality of King, the statesman. At Kingsmere there is more to be learned of the private personality of King, the man.

Laurier House is an old, nondescript, grey brick three-story mansion in the core of Ottawa's once-fashionable Sandy Hill district. The home of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, it was bequeathed to King by Lady Laurier on her death. It has become part of the Dominion Archives and visitors may see it for a nominal charge.

Here in an atmosphere of faded gentility are all the outward and visible evidence of a Great Personage. Here are keys to a dozen cities, trowels which have planted a dozen ceremonial trees, a silver service from the people of Sheffield, a silver box from the city of Aberdeen. Here in the high-ceilinged Victorian rooms are the signed photographs—from Harry Truman, John D. Rockefeller, General Foch, Field Marshal Haig. Here are the statuettes and busts, the paintings of Laurier and Gladstone, the brass bedstead where Laurier slept. Here is the fourteen-volume Bible which was at his side since youth, the framed Biblical mottoes, the copies of two of King's books—*Industry and Humanity* and *The Secret of Heroism*. Here is a picture of his mother, lit by a single lamp, and the piano which has not been played since her fingers last touched it. Here is a statuette of the dog that died. And here, on the piano, is a crystal ball.

But what was the everyday, put-on-your-slip-pers-and-sit-by-the-fire King like? Did he ever think of anything except politics, strive for anything except power? Was he always aloof, evasive, retiring—forever dodging behind a protective screen of impersonal officialdom?

Some of the answer can be found at Kingsmere, the rectangular five-hundred-acre tract which lies twelve miles north of Ottawa.

It is not easy to describe Kingsmere. King never liked to hear it referred to as an estate. He didn't want the public to think he was living in luxury when all he had was a modest country place. There is no air of royal magnificence here, no Hollywood swimming pools, no mahogany bars, no model barns filled with prize-winning Holsteins.

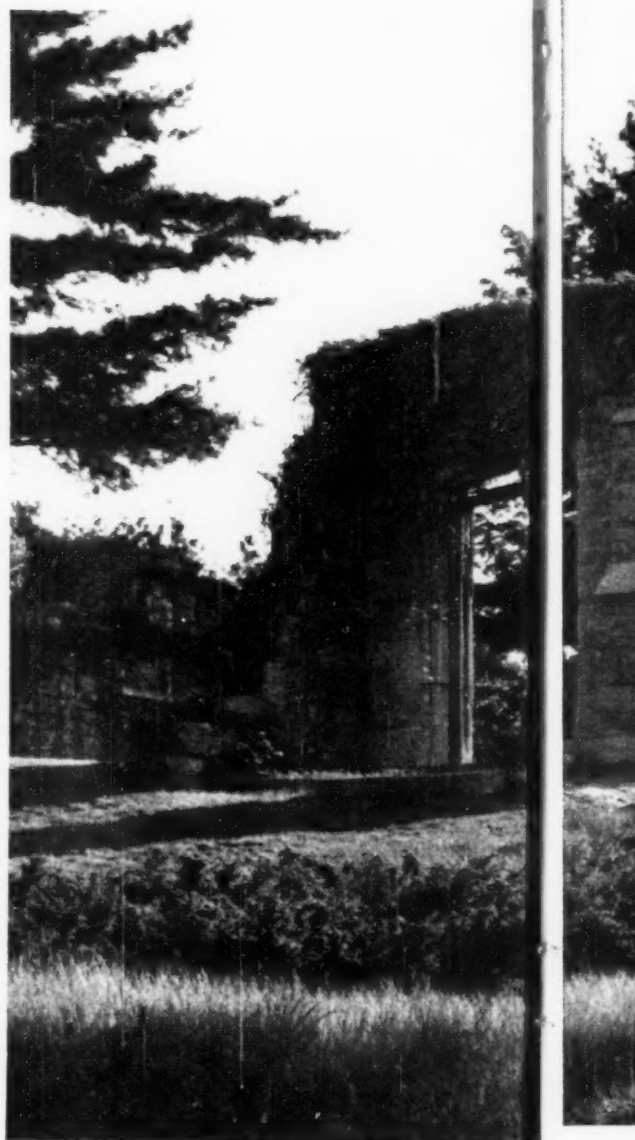
When Jean-François Pouliot, the Liberal member for Témiscouata, suggested publicly a few months before King's death that he turn Laurier House over to Prime Minister St. Laurent and retire to his "princely estate" in the Laurentians, there to write his memoirs, King was furious. For years Pouliot had snapped at King's heels like a terrier worrying an old disdainful mastiff, but this attempt to paint him as a man of unlimited means angered King to the point of exasperation.

Actually, the entire property at Kingsmere wouldn't be worth much more than fifty or sixty thousand dollars. The great bulk of the acreage consists of bush and rough, rock-strewn hills and meadows not fit even for good grazing. It is only the comparatively narrow strip of land on which the buildings stand, close to the road, that has any real value.

With characteristic neatness, King subdivided his land into four more or less self-contained demesnes. Each has its own cottage and its own entrance from the public road, and each is enclosed by a prim white rail fence. And to each King gave a special, descriptive name—Moorside, The Farm, Shady Hill, The Cottage.

King could never quite explain just how he came to amass five hundred acres of mountainside. In his will he declared that he had not been long in office before he conceived the idea of acquiring sufficient land to make Kingsmere into a park which he might some day present to his country as a "thank-offering" for the opportunities of public service which the people of Canada had given him.

The last photograph of the squire of Kingsmere. He posed in an antique chair from Scotland.





But at the same time King always felt that he was making a shrewd investment. The ownership of Laurier House had always given him a comfortable feeling of security, and similarly his land at Kingsmere was like an anchor to windward in an unstable and uncertain world.

Before he made his will King told me that he was troubled over Press reports that he planned to present Kingsmere to the nation during his lifetime. He admitted he hoped to do so on his death, but in the meantime he did not wish to commit any part of his land.

"I always looked upon my land at Kingsmere as an investment—as a means of saving," he said. "I never bought stocks and bonds like some people, but over the years, when I had the opportunity, I invested my money in a little more land."

Then, in a little burst of confidence, he added: "It may be that I may even have to sell some of it some day to meet personal obligations. I hope that never happens—but one cannot see very far into the future."

Once Percy Philip, Canadian correspondent of the New York Times, told King that he had purchased a few acres at Aylmer, Que., and was putting up a summer cottage.

"Excellent, excellent!" enthused King. "You couldn't do better. Any land within twenty miles of Ottawa is a good investment."

King never forgot that his grandfather, William Lyon Mackenzie, had forfeited a comfortable fortune when he led an unsuccessful revolt against the Government of Upper Canada. His father had

lost his means of livelihood when his sight failed. A brother had had to relinquish his medical practice due to ill health. King felt that a similar unexpected reversal could happen to him.

He was always in the market for a few extra acres—if he got a bargain. He never tried to force a deal, but waited patiently until someone made him a good offer. As a result he got most of his land at rock-bottom prices.

Once in a while, however, he did set his heart on a piece of property and if he couldn't get it for what he considered a fair price he felt properly frustrated. Usually he did his best to conceal his disappointment, but sometimes, particularly if he felt someone was trying to capitalize on the fact that he was prime minister and thus able to pay top price, he would sulk.

The rankling memory of one such uncompleted transaction was revived in the summer of 1949 when the American owner of Wit's End, a cottage near Moorside, accidentally started a grass fire while burning garbage. The fire spread into a field owned by King and was only brought under control after people from the entire district turned out to fight it.

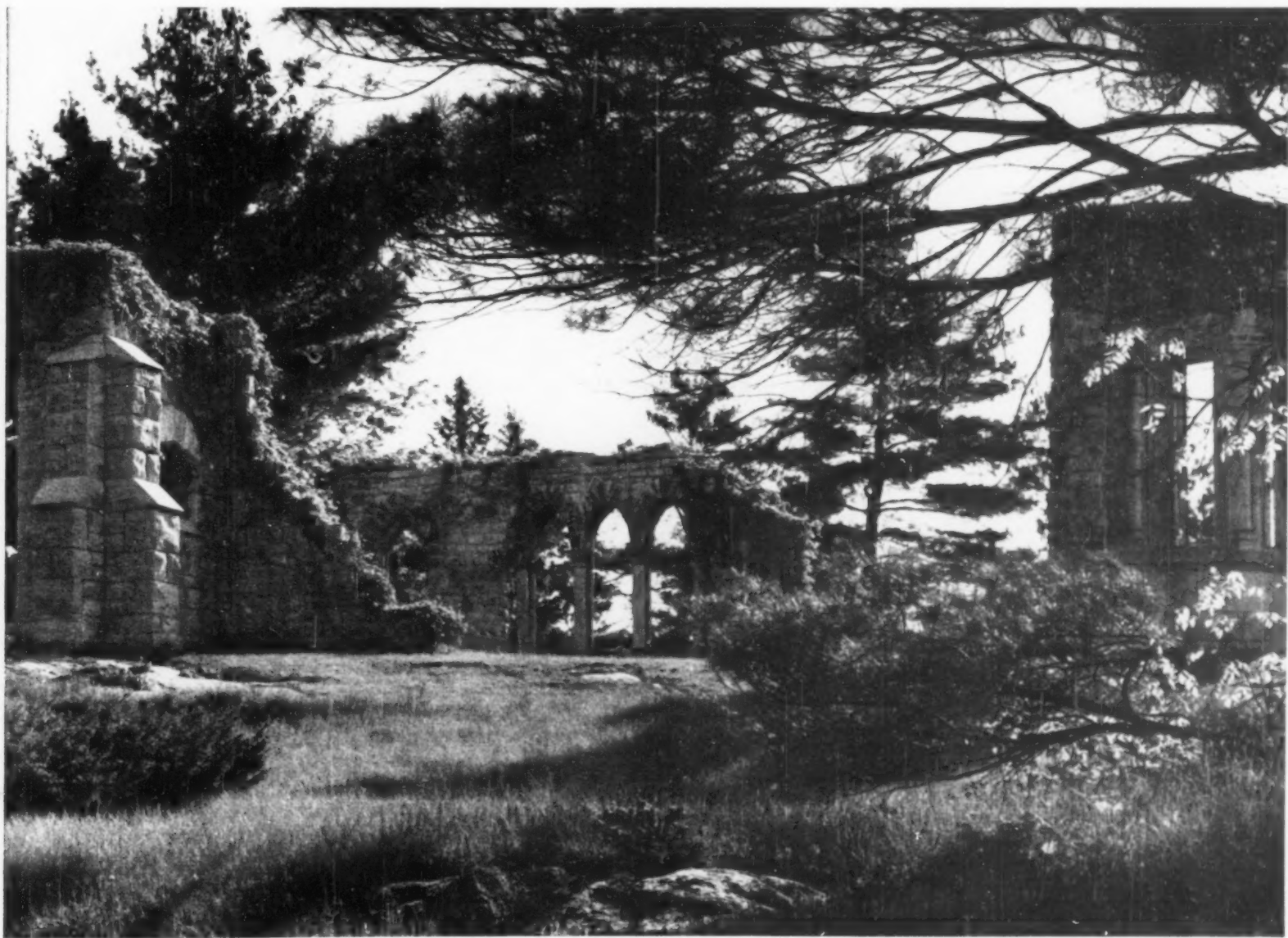
Early the next morning a black Cadillac drove up in front of Wit's End and out climbed a red-faced and crotchety-looking King. In language that fell just short of being abusive, he demanded to know why his neighbors had "trespassed" on his property.

The couple mumbled an embarrassed explanation. "We always

*Continued on page 38*



In his study in Laurier House, Ottawa, a light burns always before painting of King's mother.



This is "The Cloister," built carefully from stones salvaged from the parliament buildings fire in 1916.





Farmers stand agape in big-city Belgrade. With the government trying hard to restore production the farmer is better off than most other Yugoslavs.

## THE COMMIES AREN'T SO HOT, AT THAT

Yugoslavia is the one place where a non-Communist can watch a Communist state at work. In spite of the myth of ruthless, regimented Red efficiency, Tito's dictatorship is a bureaucratic mess. But its thirty-two divisions will fight Russia if they have to

By BLAIR FRASER

MACLEAN'S OTTAWA EDITOR

### BELGRADE

YUGOSLAVIA is not a cheerful country, but it does suggest one cheering reflection. If other Communist countries are in anything like the mess that Communism has made of Yugoslavia, we needn't be quite so alarmed by the Russians.

It wouldn't do to carry that complacency too far, of course. Most Western observers in Belgrade rate Yugoslavia our strongest military ally in Europe, for the moment at least—thirty-two divisions under arms, and a war record that proves the Yugoslav will to fight. Russia was our strongest military ally against Hitler, too. It was wise to help Communist Russia with Lend-Lease and Mutual Aid; it may be wise now to help Communist Yugoslavia, for the same strictly military reasons.

We needn't let that mar our satisfaction as we contemplate Communism At Work. Yugoslavia is the only Communist country yet to emerge from behind the Iron Curtain, the only Communist country Westerners are able to examine. It takes

very little examination to show that Communism does not, in fact, work very well.

Communism in Yugoslavia has created the most appalling inefficiency. Nothing, absolutely nothing, can be treated as a matter of routine. Everything, from getting a job to buying a loaf of bread, is a complicated bureaucratic operation.

The day before I left Belgrade a friend of mine spent three solid hours at the bank and yet all he had to do was cash two cheques. It took two senior men—the hotel manager and his assistant—half an hour to calculate the amount of my hotel bill. Yugoslavia's managed currency is of various kinds for various uses and it takes an Einstein to figure out which is which.

Yugoslavia is trying to attract tourists and encouraging them to bring their cars. In one well-known and ancient tourist resort, Split on the Dalmatian coast, the only gasoline pump in town recently stood empty for more than a week.

"I notified the authorities eight days ago I had

no gas," the attendant explained, "but thus far I have had no reply."

A British engineering firm has taken on the job of setting up a modern long-distance telephone system in Yugoslavia. One of the firm's top men went to Belgrade last January to see what the job required. He asked if buildings were available for the relay stations.

"Yes, they are all ready," was the reply.

When his engineers arrived a month later they were told, "Well, one building is ready. The others will be completed in ten or fifteen days."

I met one of the engineers in Belgrade the day he returned from an inspection trip. He found the buildings still lacking floors, windows and in some cases parts of the roof, but he thought there was a chance they might be ready by July.

Of course that is not entirely Communism—some of it is just plain Balkan. The Serbian word *sutra* ("tomorrow") has always had the same connotation as *manana* in Spanish. But there is plenty of

evidence that Communism has grossly aggravated this national tendency, and would create impediments whether they existed or not.

"You can't get things done in this country because you can't get a decision from anybody," my engineer friend explained. "Even the most trivial decisions have to go all the way to the top, to the man we'd call the deputy minister."

"Often I have suggested a certain course of action; the man I deal with would be afraid to say yes or no. The question would be referred up and up and up until it got to the deputy. Then he'd relay it back down through all the same stages, back to me again—for my advice! So in my official capacity as technical adviser I would advise in favor of it. Up the recommendation goes again, through all the same steps and channels. Then the deputy makes his decision. He says 'No.' So we start all over again."

Just across the river from Belgrade (you pass it on the way to the airport) is a perfect example of Communist refusal to accept technical advice from the decadent capitalists. It's the great project of New Belgrade, the model city of government offices and luxury apartments that was to be a monument of the Tito regime. It is, in a way,

### "Next Year, All Will Be Better"

Every foreign engineer who looked at the site warned them not to build there—it's wet sand, almost a quicksand. Communist planners knew better. They had the skeleton of the main building completed before the foundations began to settle, causing floors to crack and walls to buckle. For two years now the skeleton has been standing there empty and forlorn, a mute reminder that Marxism is not enough. Even now, Communists will not admit that the project is abandoned; indeed, if you are a stranger they still point it out with apparent pride as a building "under construction."

Without revealing I knew the history of the scheme I said to a Communist official, "I don't see any workmen on the job."

"Maybe they are working inside the building," he said.

That was a fairly typical example of Communist propaganda. He evidently didn't know I knew no work had been done on the building since 1949.

We were on our way to inspect a collective farm, where the same propaganda method was employed. This one is a big impressive project at the village of Dobranovci, only fifteen miles from Belgrade. Villagers of Dobranovci may well thank God for visiting firemen, for theirs is the "press farm," the one to which all itinerant reporters are taken. It has more than five thousand acres, seven tractors, several combines and reapers, four hundred and eighty-two horses, sixty-five milch cows, a modern hatchery which this year will produce eight thousand chickens, and a good irrigation system for its vegetable patch. It also has a membership of ninety-five percent of the village.

The Yugoslav information officer guides you around this plushy establishment with elaborate deprecation. It is, he explains, very primitive: see, the wheelwright is chopping out spokes by hand, with a hatchet. Plowshares are still made by hand at the forge. Next year all this will be much better, but alas, we cannot have everything. Yugoslavia suffered such damage in the war.

The visitor is expected to believe all this and to accept Dobranovci as a typical collective farm. Next day I talked to a foreign observer who has traveled thousands of miles by jeep through the farms and villages of Yugoslavia, who knows the language and the country as few foreigners do. I asked him what a typical collective farm would be like.

"To begin with, it wouldn't have anything finished," he said. "About all there is to the average collective farm is the administration building and community centre. They started four thousand of these throughout the country. I would guess that they've finished about sixty, maybe a hundred."

"This typical farm would have somewhere between forty and sixty percent of the village enrolled as members. The rest would still be trying to



Marshal Tito reviews his tough Elite Guard. The Western powers value his high-spirited army.

carry on as private farmers. Unfortunately the membership in any collective farm is usually the bottom half of the village, not the top half.

"They're all started by 'promotion teams' sent out from Belgrade to drum up the idea. Naturally the first people to join are the down-and-outs whose farms are no good. They've nothing to lose; why shouldn't they join?"

"When the promotion team gets twenty or thirty percent of the village families signed up the collective farm is organized. Then the pressure goes on to bring in the rest of the farmers—and it's very tough pressure."

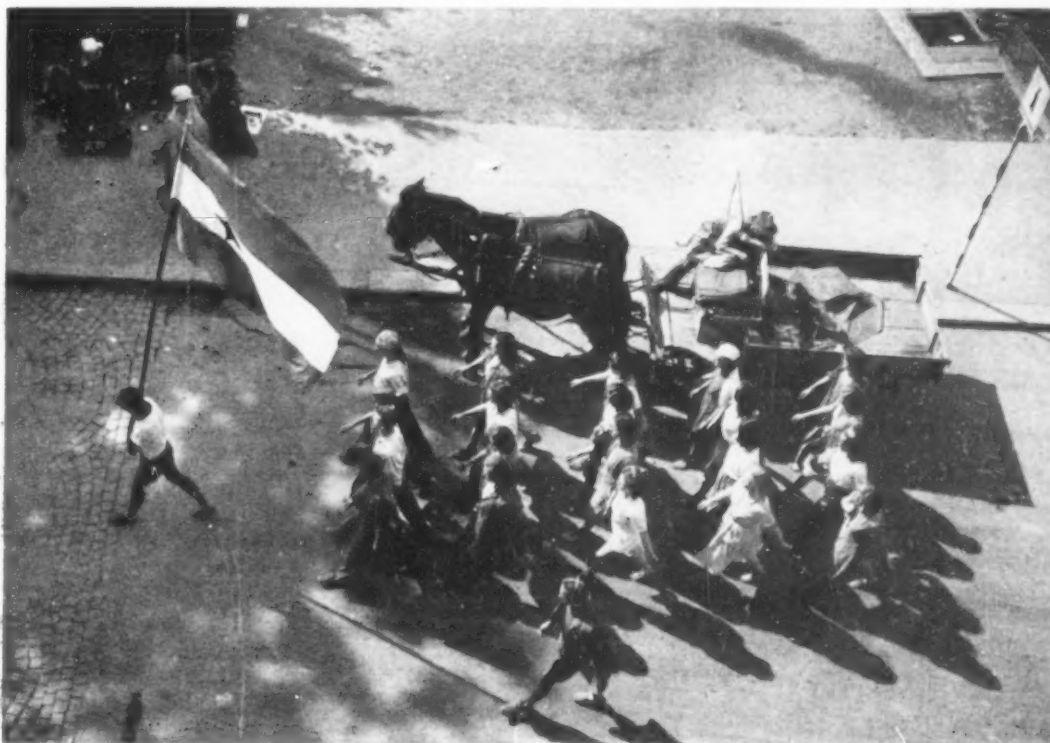
A member of the Politburo had informed me it

was all "strictly voluntary." What kind of pressure was used?

"In this country every farmer has to deliver a certain quota of grain to the state. That gives the state a terrible weapon. Say a man's farm can produce seven hundred kilograms of wheat. The state puts him down for a quota of nine hundred kilos. Come harvest time he has to go out and buy the other two hundred kilos on the black market, at a price ten times what the government will pay him. Otherwise he goes to jail for failure to fulfill his quota. Or—he joins the collective, and all is forgiven."

"Under that kind

*Continued on page 50*




A "voluntary" work team on parade in Belgrade. Once they tried to recruit an ambassador.









The major feared the look in the eyes of a girl called Judy more than he had feared any enemy. It called for a special kind of bravery to be a

# Cardboard Soldier

By C. M. McDOUGALL

ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE JOHNSON

SOME OF THE cigar smoke, acrid like ammonia, trickled into Venner's nostrils. As he stood in front of the desk his pale blue eyes watered. There was nothing but cigar smoke in his stomach, and it had begun to ache again.

"Excuse me." His voice penetrated the thick air, low but insistent.

The big man at the desk looked up. The cigar was fastened to his lower lip and some leaf fragments stuck to his teeth. "Sorry, Major." The big man spoke at once. "There isn't a thing for bookkeepers today."

But Venner still stood there, waiting. You would have said this man had spent years standing before desks like this. His tired eyes followed the big man and his prominent Adam's apple ranged up and down the scale of his throat. One hand stirred restlessly inside the pocket of his trench coat.

"Hell, Major." The big man shifted in his chair. "There's never much these days." He laid a heavy finger along his nose, and cleared his throat with unnecessary noise. He liked Venner and he was sorry.

Venner's eyes lifted to the dust-choked window in the wall above them. His thin frame seemed locked in rigid lines. When he spoke at last his voice was naked with urgency. "Listen," he said, "I've got to find something—today!"

Inside the pocket of his trench coat his fingers squeezed and tested the imprint of each coin. He knew the contents of this pocket exactly: there were forty-two cents and a streetcar ticket.

"I know." The big man shook the papers on his desk. His eyes strayed away from Venner's face. Then the penciled note on his desk pad caught his glance and the big face brightened. "Look," he said. The dead cigar moved with his lips now. "Look, Major, how about this? Here's a publicity job—up at the College."

"The College?"

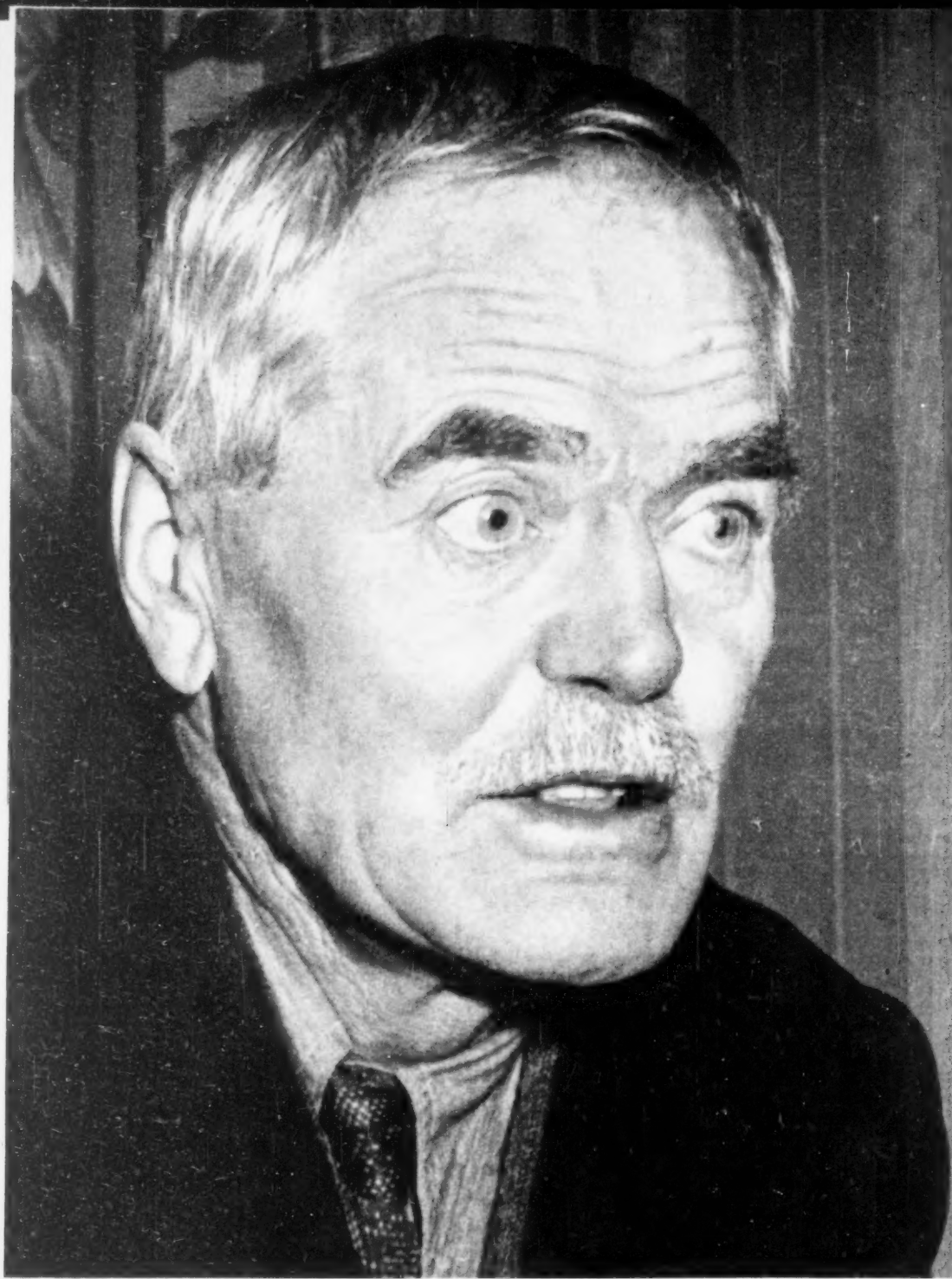
"Yeah—Dudley University. Seems the kids are having what they call a Carnival Week End. They've asked for a man to help with some kind of publicity work. About four hours work, and the pay is seven dollars and fifty cents."

The big man grinned at him. "All right, Major. You report to a student called Winthrop at 10 a.m. She's all yours."

Venner released his breath all at once. Then he straightened and smiled back. His relief was sudden and obvious.

It was a friendly face when the tired lines of tension were softened. Standing erect in his trench coat, chin forward so that the Adam's apple was less conspicuous, at first

*Continued on page 44*



Kaspar Beck felt that men in white collars were trying to trick him so he hanged himself.

## DID THE INCOME TAX KILL KASPAR BECK?

The bare facts say it did. But the inner truth lies in a deeper tragedy: This simple Saskatchewan farmer, who ruled his six sections and his family of fifty-three like a feudal knight, had to learn in death that no twentieth-century man in any country is his own master



By **McKENZIE PORTER**

Photos by Roy Hume

**A** FEW HOURS before he hanged himself last May 4 in the garage of his prairie home in Allan Township, thirty miles southeast of Saskatoon, Kaspar Beck spoke three words of puzzled elegy. "Times have changed," he said.

For forty years the cross-grained old wheat farmer had fought to have it otherwise. In a society grown far too complex to permit such luxuries he had tried to live as he chose to die—in his own way, according to his own standards, by his own hand. He had sought to survive as an independent, self-sufficient man in an age which has made the completely independent self-sufficient man a tragic anachronism.

In specific terms he died as the result of a dispute over an income-tax debt which he clearly owed and persistently refused either to acknowledge or to pay, and which threatened him with the loss of his home, his land and his lifetime savings. Few people, even among the neighbors who stood sadly beside his grave, could find reason to say that he







Beck's farms were sold cheaply to satisfy tax claims but the auction was ruled invalid.



Katharina Beck raised seventeen children to the golden rule.

had been done an injustice. The events which led to his death are no less worthy of record, if only as an episode in the ancient inevitable struggle between the single human being and humanity itself.

When he died Beck was sixty-seven years old, a stocky Russo-German-Canadian with steely eyes, shaggy brows, tousled grizzled hair and a body hardened by manual labor to the toughness of hickory. His six and a quarter sections of prairie wheatland, accumulated during four decades of war, depression and drought, had become a strange stronghold of family feudalism.

Here Kaspar Beck and his wife Katharina headed their clan of seventeen children, nine children-in-law and twenty-six grandchildren. The old man ruled his kin with the mingled severity and love of a medieval patriarch. Refusing all outside help, he fed them, clothed them, housed them and provided them with cars and the finest mechanical implements.

The eight sons and nine daughters ranged in age from fifteen to forty but he paid them no formal wages—merely a little pocket money. Although four married sons and five married

daughters were settled with their immediate families on six separate farms Kaspar Beck stubbornly hung onto the land-title deeds himself. In his role of chieftain he administered the scattered estates from a spick-and-span house on a trim lot in Allan proper. He bought all the seed, sold all the grain, took most of the profits and invested every penny possible in new land. With peremptory authority he switched his single children from farm to farm as the exigencies of seeding, threshing and harvesting arose. He was a law unto himself and not even his oldest son Roy dared dispute his word.

In Allan they say the horizon is always about seven miles distant. That was about the limit of Kaspar Beck's holdings—and of his vision. He could speak little English and always addressed his family in German. He couldn't grip the significance of the fact that beyond his domains lay a nation called Canada. When business drove him to contact with the outside he always spoke through his children. Suspicious of something for nothing, he consistently spurned relief during the depression and family allowances ever since their inception.

He asked nothing of Canada and acknowledged no debt to Canada. The income-tax authorities,

however, took a different view. They said he owed the state \$28,623 in back taxes for the years 1941-46. Kaspar Beck, who never filed an income tax return in his life, refused to pay.

"All he could think of," says Roy Beck, his eldest son, "was that a lot of men in white collars were trying to trick him out of the farms."

During three years of haggling in which income-tax officials cajoled, explained, threatened, then beat their foreheads in frustration before the obdurate Beck, the acid of a supposed persecution bit deep into his mind.

His obstinate refusal to pay caused a local furor. The Saskatoon Star-Phoenix carried several long letters from readers who bitterly assailed the little Russo-German for failure to support the democracy under which he had thrived.

These letters touched the surface of a problem and, on the surface, were impressive in their cogency. But Beck's story goes deeper than the income-tax files. Its implications are wider than the letter of the law. Beck's is a history which shows how hard tradition dies. The story is charged with an almost majestic tragedy. It ended last Friday May 4 when *Continued on page 40*



Here are forty-five of the fifty-three income-tax exemptions Beck never claimed. All lived off his farms.

At the Ritz Carlton chef Pierre and maître d'hôtel Charles prepare crêpes suzette in the Oval Room.



# MONTREAL'S THE EATINGEST TOWN

*Abetted by their visitors, Montrealers keep five thousand restaurants in the black, consuming a mountain of choice dishes which range all the way from brandied apricot omelet to wieners boiled in beer*

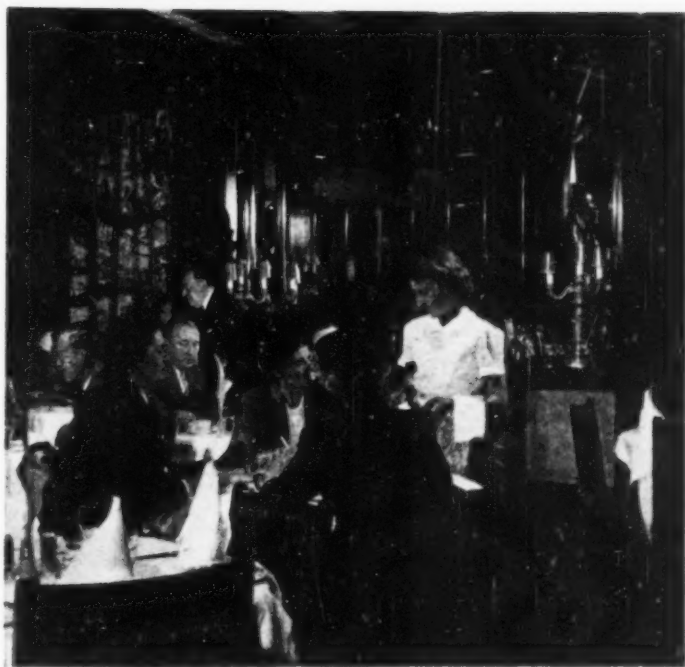


At Ruby Foo's eatery diners are columnist "Fitz" Fitzgerald (bow tie), his wife (right), and Mr. and Mrs. Pat McCarthy, of Killaloe, Ont.

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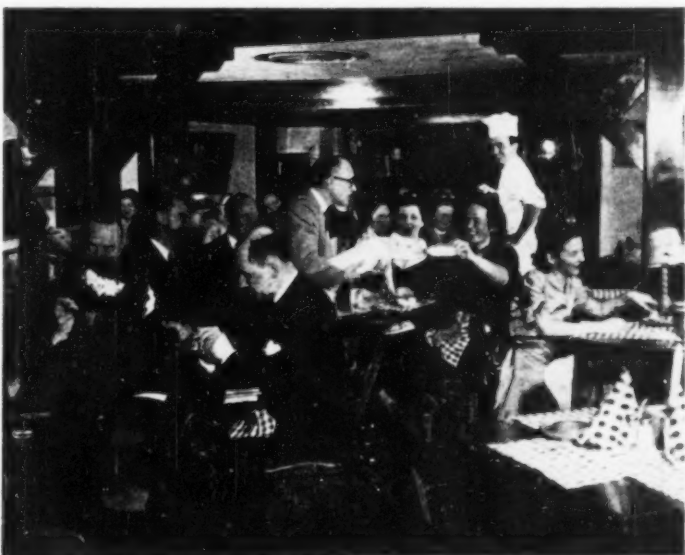




At Drury's English chophouse diners are usually well-to-do males who enjoy club atmosphere. Cafe is owned by sports magnate Leo Dandurand.



At Cafe Martin *maitre d'hôtel* Alfred Jacquier serves lobster in the Flamingo Room. This famous restaurant is also owned by Dandurand.



An *Lutin qui Bouffe* is famous for "little piglet charcoal broiled." The diners get to feed a pet porker and like to be photographed in the act.



The Indian Room's murals by Weimold Reiss always demand attention. Cafe is run in conjunction with the gaudy *Chic N' Coop* by Hill brothers.

**I**N MONTREAL you can dine in a tree, on a sidewalk, in a cellar, on a roof, or indoors at ground level in any atmosphere or decorative motif that suits your mood. You can eat sitting on plush cushions or rough-hewn boards, standing at a bar, lolling in a bath, squatting on a floor Asiatic style, or reclining on a couch Roman style. You can have the dishes of any country, prepared by chefs of almost every nationality. And you can be served by suavely tuxedoed *maitre d's*, fezzed or turbaned waiters, chic Canadian waitresses, or aproned despots who will tell you to go to the devil if you dare to ask for a menu. You can dine at *Auberge des deux Lanternes* (Inn of the Two Lanterns) on Canadian *ragoût*, the *Say Mohamed* on Syrian *shish-kabob*, the Danube on German *sauerbraten*, or at the nearest tavern on wieners boiled in beer.

Good food and plenty of it is a Montreal tradition. Certainly no other Canadian city is so in love with food or devotes so much time, thought and effort to its preparation and consumption. In fact Montreal may be the eatingest town anywhere.

## By FRANK HAMILTON

COLOR PHOTOS BY HUGH FRANKEL

Food wholesalers say Montrealers eat between one hundred and two hundred pounds more food per person per year than other North Americans.

The Montrealer's interest in food is not confined to quantity. He insists on varied and imaginative fare and, above all, an excellent recipe expertly executed. Yet, while he dines well at home, he also eats out often. It is fortunate for the restaurateurs that he does. Montreal supports more eating places per capita than any other city in the world—5,673 or one for every 264 men, women and children about twice as many as New York, seven times as many as Toronto.

In Montreal, food even eclipses the weather, politics and religion as a topic of conversation. Businessmen settle big deals over a meal, stretch the lunch hour to two or three, collect recipes, and are devotees of the progressive dinner—the Mont-

realer's idea of a perfect party. This is a form of gluttony particularly beloved by restaurateurs and the city's five thousand taximen. It consists of going to, say, *Chez Pauzé* for oysters, *Auberge Chez Son Père* (the Inn at His Father's Place) for *soupe au chou*, Mother Martin's for pigs' knuckles, and so on, to a new place for each course. The dinner usually lasts all evening, the change of atmosphere and entertainment with each dish and the interval between courses helping to expand food capacities.

Even so, the crowded restaurant business is no cinch; about two hundred places close each year. Indeed, good publicity is almost as essential as good food. Most publicized eatery of recent years has been Slitkin & Slotkin's, sold not long ago by partners Lou Wayman and Jack Rogers for seventy-six thousand dollars minus the name, which was originally lifted from a comedy act playing the Gayety Theatre. Long the hangout of newspapermen and fighters, it was famed for the huge steaks dished up in its *Chez When Room*. Slitkin & Slotkin also managed

*Continued on page 52*



## LUNENBURG: A Ship on the Shore

Here's the yard that built the Bluenose, oxen hauling  
flake cod on a raffish waterfront painted as often as the Taj Mahal.  
Here are the fishermen descended from German turnip farmers  
who will slip into a wonderful dialect of their own,  
when their high-school daughters aren't around

By CHARLES RAWLINGS

DRAWINGS BY FRANKLIN ARBUCKLE

**L**UNENBURG, Nova Scotia, is the home port of a people who have taught themselves how to make a good trade with the sea. She is Canada's fishing capital out there to the eastward. The home of the Bluenose, she is the richest per capita community in the country. Her name on the taffrails of her fine fleet has ranked for a hundred years with Gloucester and Boston in every Atlantic trading port and on every foggy fishing bank from Flemish Cap to Trinidad.

The best way to see Lunenburg all-of-a-piece is to come in by vessel. Here is the gaudiest water front north of San Juan, Puerto Rico, crowded with vitality and color and action. Ranging up the hill behind is the grey drab little sea town with sea boots home for supper in the vestibule.

In the beginning Lunenburg was a settlement of German and Huguenot French turnip farmers and

artisans and their families—1,453 souls in all—whom George the Second enticed out of Prussian Hanover in Germany and Montbéliard, France, in 1753. Their first feel of the sea was when their transport heaved in the North Sea swell, bound out from Amsterdam.

That sea change of the Lunenburg men from turnip farmers to offshore fishermen is surely one of the most remarkable metamorphoses of all time. It is so complete that living in Lunenburg one forgets about it and thinks of the Lunenburgers as having a sea heritage. Strangely, too, it is hard to read about. There is no hint in the early records that they were turning to the sea. It creeps into the archives as if it had happened unbeknownst. Probably it did. "Six schooners and sloops. Six fishing boats," the census of 1767 lists along with 44 horses, 218 oxen and bulls, and 610 cows. That was the first mention I could find about Lunenburg going to sea.

She was at sea in much more than that the day I asked her to sit still for her portrait, a solid,

neat-as-a-pin, drab little *Hausfrau* of a town. She climbs her steep hillside with such abruptness that it is always a surprise to see her projected on a chart, stretched out without her corsets, her straight streets crossing at right angles, square as a checkerboard.

She does not look very German. Wooden houses. Dun yellow and grey paint. A German touch maybe in a small stout dwelling with a stubby corner turret fringed at the top with battlements like a Rhine castle. A subdued town that looks even in midsummer as if it loved February.

There is one oasis of warmth in the town. Inside its grey clapboards it imprisons some of the virility and color of the water front. It is St. John's Anglican Church, the second oldest in Canada. Fishing skippers, owners of the fleet and the exporters fill its pews on Sunday.

The light in the place is rich through a solid row of stained-glass windows, most of them memorials to fishing skippers lost at sea. The wealth that came and is still coming from the sea belongs to St. John's whenever it asks for it. It uses it to good purpose. There is no more quietly beautiful or dignified place of worship in America. Its records go back to a baptism June 13, 1753, six days after the founders of the town landed. A girl was born in a lean-to made of a blanket thrown over a bush the first night ashore.

There is a broad gap in the records. Someone tucked a handful of them in a cornerstone during alterations 100 years ago. The archivists of half of Canada are waiting for a sill or two in the church to rot enough to merit putting the lifting jacks to work to make repairs. Then they plan to whisk the missing records quickly out.

I walked up Lincoln Street with its hedgerow of parking meters. It is as close as Lunenburg comes to a main street. (The real main street of course is the compass bearing to the "Q" of Quero Bank.) The shops are solid. Lunenburg welcomes her steady flow of summer tourists with a workaday nod. There is no hot-dog trade. Smoked halibut flitch, probably the best in the western hemisphere, was a leader in the meat markets the week I was there.

I dropped in to see if Ray Silver, of Geo. Silver Co.'s style emporium, had a DesBrisay history we could borrow. County Judge Mather Byles





DesBrisay published an excellent history of Lunenburg County in 1870.)

"Doc Zinck's got one," Ray said. "What's up?" I told him.

The ladies' ready-to-wear department at that moment was clearing for lunch. The girls stopped in mid-flight and I faced a ring of accusing fingers.

"Don't you dare make us talk funny," they charged. "Don't you dare. *Dis* and *dat* and *dese* and *dose*! We don't talk that way any more and don't you say so."

I had to settle on the spot for just an occasional "comin' wit'." The Lunenburg speech is a lovely thing. The guttural that predominated in the early days and still can be heard in the old-timers in the outports has become a soft pleasantness. Lunenburg High School, which looms like a big rambling castle on a hilltop, is straightening out grammar. But pray heaven the day is far away when the ultimate perfection is reached and one no longer "Comes wit'" but just "accompanies" or the rum no longer is "half all" but is "half gone." Language is a living, verdant thing and Lunenburg has a marvelous heritage of it.

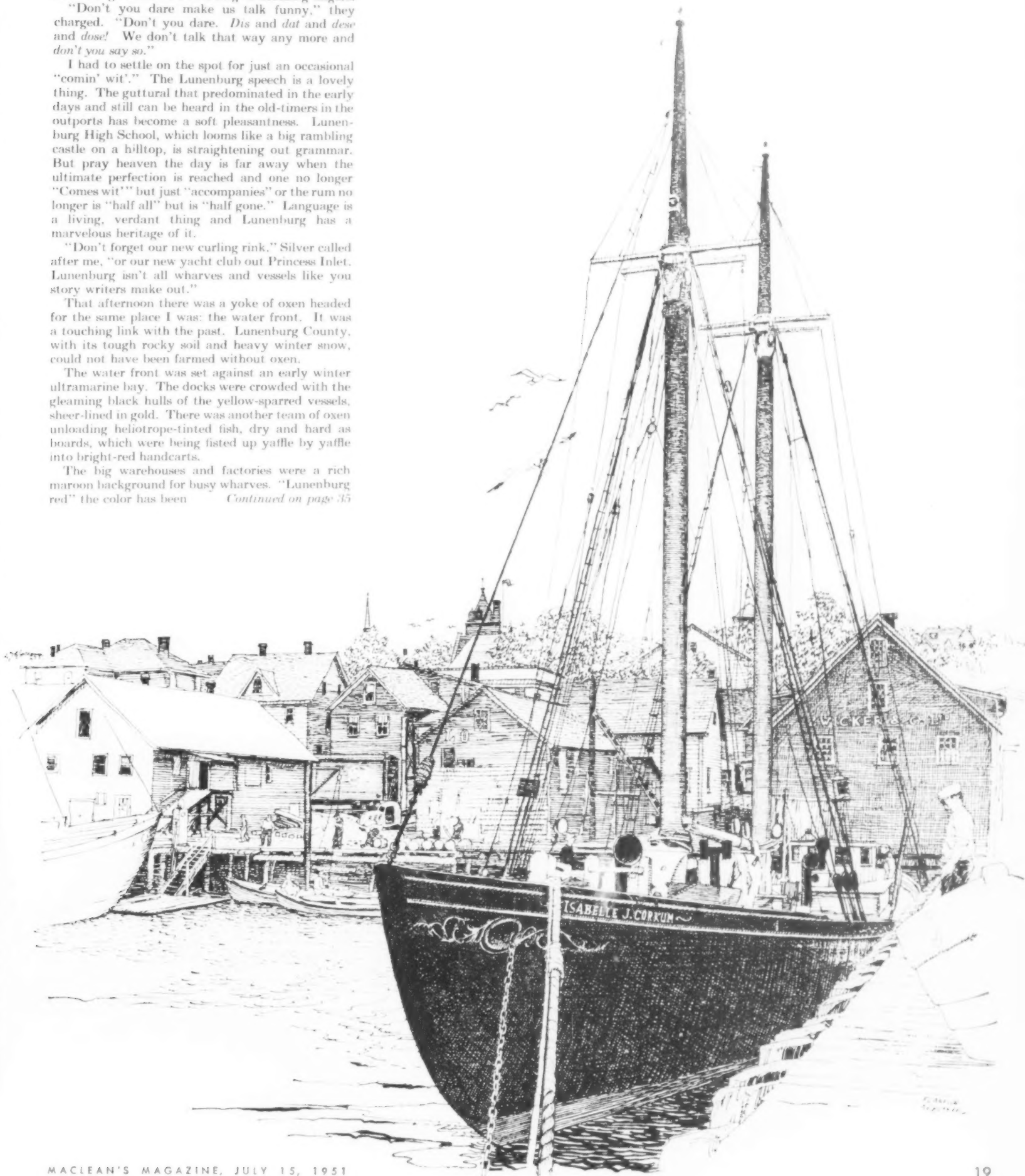
"Don't forget our new curling rink," Silver called after me, "or our new yacht club out Princess Inlet. Lunenburg isn't all wharves and vessels like you story writers make out."

That afternoon there was a yoke of oxen headed for the same place I was: the water front. It was a touching link with the past. Lunenburg County, with its tough rocky soil and heavy winter snow, could not have been farmed without oxen.

The water front was set against an early winter ultramarine bay. The docks were crowded with the gleaming black hulls of the yellow-sparred vessels, sheer-lined in gold. There was another team of oxen unloading heliotrope-tinted fish, dry and hard as boards, which were being fisted up yaffle by yaffle into bright-red handcarts.

The big warehouses and factories were a rich maroon background for busy wharves. "Lunenburg red" the color has been

*Continued on page 35*



# Marie Went Back to the Dark Ages

In Canada Marie Kawamoto always believed women were at least the equal of men. In the land of her fathers she found that most Japanese women are still little better than servants, eat last, and may have to share a husband with a concubine

Story and Pictures By **PIERRE BERTON**  
MACLEAN'S ARTICLE EDITOR

## TOKYO

**I**N THE FALL of 1946 a young Canadian girl went back to the Middle Ages as surely as if she had boarded one of the time machines that are among the favored devices of science fiction writers.

When she was twenty-one Marie Kawamoto left the neon brightness of Vancouver and went to live in the dark fishing village of her parents in Japan, which she had never seen. If she had been dropped into feudal England the change in her life could scarcely have been more sweeping, for she became

part of a culture and a way of life that bore no relationship to anything she had known before.

For five years now she has lived in a land to which she is tied only by the slender threads of ancestry, among a curious people whom she has never quite grown to know. For though her features are Japanese Marie is as Canadian as an Okanagan apple. She still cannot read the language of her fathers and she speaks it with a Canadian accent. A foreigner in the land of her birth for the Canadian-born Japanese were never fully accepted



Marie's father rests in comfort on a sofa in his daughter's home. Most Japanese sit on the floor.

by their countrymen—she now finds herself even more a foreigner in the land of her ancestors.

In her sudden change from the Western way of life to the Oriental way of life Marie suffered many minor shocks and two major ones. One affected her pocketbook. The other affected her pride. She found herself in a world where a well-to-do merchant makes less money and has fewer amenities than a Canadian day laborer; and where the status of women is pretty much the same as the status of servants. In Canada she could always afford the fripperies of Western civilization—a package of gum, a record on the juke box. In Japan at first she didn't even have the price of a bottle of milk. In Canada she was a member of the "weaker sex": men stood aside when she passed through doorways and treated her with some deference. In Japan, although she has always felt the equal of any man, she has seldom been treated that way.

Yet, with the adaptability of women of all races and all times, she has managed to reach a compromise with her new existence, just as her own mother and father, who came from Japan to Canada in the 1890s, adapted themselves to the strange Western civilization. Marie still has a faded photograph of them and in it you catch something of their fierce desire to become part of the New World: Mr. Kawamoto in his high starched collar and handlebar mustache and bowler hat and pretty little Mrs. Kawamoto in a Nineties hourglass suit and a fur collar with a wide feathered hat perched on the thick pile of her hair.

Their home was in Burnaby down on the flatlands by the Fraser delta. In the summers, when Mr. Kawamoto took his fishing boat north along the coast, Marie and her mother would move to West Vancouver where some of the Japanese ran a cannery. She took her public school in Burnaby and her high school in West Vancouver. Her parents still spoke in thick Japanese accents and the family ate a good deal of rice and the occasional raw fish with soya sauce, Japanese style, but Marie herself was a pure Western product, speaking in uninflected accents as flat as the delta land, and with the Canadian adolescent's fierce tastes in cherry cokes, ankle socks and scarlet nail polish.

The war changed her life. After the first bombs dropped on Pearl Harbor the Kawamotos were moved out of the coastal area by the Government and their possessions sold by the Custodian of Enemy Property. Their cottage, with its two acres of land, its orchard of plum, apple, pear and cherry trees, its chicken coop and root house and little kitchen garden, went for \$1,025. Her father's \$1,300 fishing boat sold for \$250. The family itself was lodged in a tarpaper shack in Tashme in the Kootenay Mountains. The shack had two bedrooms and one kitchen. One of the bedrooms was occupied by a family of four. The Kawamotos had the other. Here

*Continued on page 48*



Treated like a foreigner in Canada and Japan, Marie is now happily married to a Tokyo businessman.



**T**HE Government of Canada secretly believes that it is getting on top of inflation at last. The news is so big, so complex, so full of political danger and altogether so doubtful in its outcome that the Government hesitates to announce it. But within six months or so if we escape international accidents the Government should know whether its desperate experiment in deflation will succeed or fail.

Now that this mysterious story can be pieced together, its beginning emerges as early as last autumn. In October 1950, when the public's eye was turned with glazed horror toward inflation, the Government quietly pulled the first of four gigantic deflationary levers which turned the shuddering economic machine into reverse. Such a shift takes time. Only in the last few weeks have the resulting shocks at once arrested the rise in prices and convulsed half the corporations, corner stores, junior governments and household budgets in the nation. And there will be more shocks.

The screams of protest now rending our clear northern air are as painful as they are inevitable; they provide the first real measure of this easy-going Government's courage, but in the disease of inflation they are the first signs of the patient's recovery. They mean to the Government that its cure already is showing signs of working. Whether the cure will finally prevail no one can be sure except perhaps Josef Stalin, who infected America with the current dose of inflation about a year ago and could repeat it.

#### Newlyweds Feel the Pinch

At the moment, having lived in a genial inflationary process of varying intensity since the first days of Roosevelt's New Deal, few Canadians have begun to grasp the opposite process now in flow. All they know yet is that something queer has happened to the economic climate.

A farmer north of Toronto who thought he had arranged a bank loan to build kilns and greenhouses for a tobacco industry has found he cannot get a cent; a company that sells advertising signs throughout northern Ontario needed a temporary credit to finance its expansion and, turned down at the bank, has to collect quick money from customers who had expected more time; a man borrowing heavily to start a tourist camp on the Pacific Coast was faced with disaster until he cut down his building plans.

Thousands of newlyweds have to pay more for housing loans, if they can be obtained at all; a statesman in Ottawa finds contractors unexpectedly bidding against one another for the chance to build his new house; buyers of automobiles, washing machines and refrigerators must pay off their installments rapidly and many decide not to buy, thus pinching manufacturers and retailers.

The bewildered premier of a great province, unable to borrow in Canada, hurries to Wall Street for money to start various public works and returns empty-handed; municipalities discover that they cannot start a new bridge, school or incinerator because loans are not obtainable or cost too much.

Confusing, painful and unexpected, all this is the only alternative to something far worse—the further engulfment of the Canadian dollar by a tide of rising prices.

To understand what has happened we must go back to the end of last summer when Graham Towers, Governor of the Bank of Canada, and other Government diagnosticians decided that the disease of inflation would not be cured by sticking plaster and poultices but required major surgery. These were the factors in their diagnosis:

Unable to finance the last war from taxes or by borrowing people's real savings, the Government had resorted to sheer monetary inflation. It had tripled the money supply while the production of goods rose less than a hundred percent. The huge and little-noted increase in money supply, saved up during the war, had rushed out to buy goods when peace arrived and produced the first round of inflation. The rise in prices, as dammed-up purchasing power overflowed the market, was

really our final payment on the cost of the war. We had financed a large part of it, as all nations do, by permanently debasing our money—a cheap price, all things considered.

After digesting this shock we seemed to be on a new price plateau, high but level. Prices stopped rising toward the end of 1949 and dropped slightly at the beginning of 1950. The only apparent danger was that insufficient purchasing power would produce by last autumn a deflation, even a sharp recession such as the United States (but not Canada) had felt in 1949.

The Korean war instantly shattered all these calculations by launching America on its wildest spree of panic buying. The second postwar inflation was under way. And whereas the first inflation had been inherent in hoarded excess wartime money supplies, the second was quite unnecessary—purely the result of human fear and folly, including the extravagant spending by all governments. The people of North America were trying to buy more than industry could produce and in this mad auction sale were bidding up prices.

At once the housewives of Canada clamored for price controls—they had worked all right during the war, hadn't they? Why not now? The cold eyes of the central bank and the Finance Department were not impressed by the superficial fever symptom of prices. They diagnosed the disease as financial dropsy—too much money seeking too few goods. The only cure they thought could work

was to increase the supply of goods or decrease the supply of money, or both.

Since industry could not hope to produce goods quickly enough to satisfy the demand, since there must soon be less goods for the consumer as more and more were diverted from butter to guns in the defense program, obviously the supply of money should be reduced. But the supply of money was now rising in a terrifying flood every day.

Money, except in small quantities, is not that metal and paper stuff in your pocket. It is mainly a set of figures in bank ledgers. Within legal limits related to their own cash assets, the banks create money or extinguish it hourly as they grant or cancel loans to borrowers. Usually, though not always, a new loan brings new money, called credit, into existence and the repayment of the loan expunges it.

Ever since Korea the banks had been creating far too much money through their loans. Throughout the last half of 1950, Towers, a cool man not easily shocked, watched with dread the nation's bank loans, and hence its money supply, expand beyond his worst fears. Everybody was borrowing money to buy something or to build something, which used up materials and manpower, thus reducing the supply of goods left to the consumer, who had more money in his pocket than ever.

Canada was enjoying the largest capital boom it had ever known and, on a per capita basis, probably the largest

*Continued on page 29*

# ARE WE LICKING INFLATION?

By BRUCE HUTCHISON

**A few weeks ago Ottawa quietly applied the last of four powerful brakes to inflation — and you haven't felt the full jolt yet. Here is the story of the desperate experiment our Government has undertaken to try to stop the runaway price of everything we buy**



A young English immigrant for Shilo, Man., happily lets Yadsie handle her transfer problems at Montreal.

# YADSIE MEETS ALL TRAINS

At depots and docks in twenty-one Canadian cities and towns Travellers Aid workers, like Yadsie Urbanowicz, stand ready to help a repentant runaway husband or a worried immigrant who can't pronounce "Canada"

By DOROTHY SANGSTER

PHOTOS BY RONNY JAQUES

AROUND the turn of the century it was considered the height of wit and daring for a young blade to dash up to the woman in the sober garb of the Travellers Aid Society and anxiously enquire, "Do you save girls?"

When she nodded it was his cue to leer, "Good! Save one for me!"

Today's hard-pressed Travellers Aid workers sometimes wish all they had to do was "save girls." For times have changed in fifty years. The original Canadian Travellers Aid force—two YWCA workers in Quebec City and Vancouver in 1897 to guide young immigrant girls—wouldn't recognize their organization today. This year, as one hundred and ten Travellers Aid Societies in the United States celebrate their centennial and an international convention gets under way in New Zealand, the familiar global white lamp of the society shines in twenty-one Canadian communities from coast to coast. It signals help not only to damsels in distress, but to all troubled travelers of every race and hue.

Are you a distraught father whose small son has emptied his penny bank and run away from home? Ten to one the Travellers Aid will spot him before you know he's gone.

Are you a harassed mother with a baby in arms, two small children clinging to your knees and facing an unexpected three-hour stopover between trains? The Travellers Aid will ease the strain with a cookie for the baby and a promise to mind the other children while you go for a cup of tea.

Are you a displaced person, new to Canada and without a word of English, whose friend has failed to meet your train? The Travellers Aid will speak to you sympathetically in your own language and locate your friend.

Do you want to know what time the train for Moose Jaw arrives, whether there's a diner on the Trans-Canada, where the washroom is, or how to find a respectable room in a new city? The Travellers Aid knows all the answers. Last year, in Toronto alone, 1,970 travelers found help at the sign of the white globe.

Realizing how right an American psychiatrist was when he recently stated, "The anonymity of a bus or railroad terminal attracts hundreds of bewildered, frightened, sick, troubled people," Travellers Aid renders help of all kinds. At one time or another in the past it has:

- Traced a mentally ill American society girl who claimed that she had an appointment with the devil on Mount Zion and couldn't find her way there.
- Brought back a repentant husband who had deserted his wife and fled to the U. S., where he had lost his money to a sharpie and become stranded.
- Helped the humiliated family of a chronically alcoholic young man to recognize their son's illness and have him properly treated.

Nothing is too big for the society to tackle. During the Second World War two hundred Royal Air Force wives were stranded in Montreal with their children. The society was able to arrange beds for them in the auditorium of a large insurance company. Recently a boy from rural Ontario went to the society's desk in Toronto and said he was trying to find a Mrs. Henderson—"my sister works for her." He didn't know the woman's first name or address. The bureau found her by phoning every Henderson in the book.

One hot summer day a frantic young mother





carrying a baby dashed up to a Travellers Aid worker and shouted hysterically, "The baby's formula! I've left it at home and the train's leaving in a few minutes." Home was a bungalow in the suburbs. The Travellers Aid worker phoned a neighbor who crawled into the bungalow through an open cellar window, found the written formula in the kitchen and rushed it to the station in a taxi in the nick of time.

When an English girl on her first trip across Canada found she was to pass through "a dreadful debauched sort of place called Whiskey Gap," the Toronto branch of the society was able to assure her the Alberta town wasn't all its name implied. When a dear little old lady in white gloves and shiny shoes insisted on sitting day after day on a bench outside the Montreal office, stubbornly waiting for a senator who was twenty years dead, the society did all it could to make her comfortable.

### Quick Aid for a Wayward Girl

The Travellers Aid got its start in the U. S. one hundred years ago when a mayor of St. Louis left \$600,000 in his will "to furnish relief to all poor immigrants and travelers coming to St. Louis on their way to settle in the west." In 1897 the society started its work in Canada with the aforementioned two YWCA workers in Quebec City and Vancouver. In seventeen Canadian communities today Travellers Aid is still a YWCA service, maintained by Y funds and often located in Y hostels. In Toronto and Lethbridge the organization functions independent of the YWCA; in Montreal and Fort William it is in a state of transition. Toronto's executive director, Mrs. Margot Boyd, points with pride to the first Travellers Aid Association in Canada to operate as a recognized social agency, staffed by graduate social workers, directed by a citizens' board and financed largely by the local Community Chest.

Often the Travellers Aid steps in at a critical moment in someone's life. In Quebec City a worker came upon a penniless young woman loitering in the railway station and found she was a Montreal waitress who, with a girl friend, had accepted the casual invitation of two strange young men to go to Quebec for a gay week end. They had emptied several bottles on the way and now the girl friend had disappeared with the men, taking all the money with her. The Travellers Aid worker helped the girl to put through a phone call to her family for funds and put her on the evening train for Montreal.

One of the hardest tasks ever to face Miss Yadsie Urbanowicz, port worker for the Travellers Aid in Montreal, was to tell an elderly Latvian woman that her husband, who had just stepped off the boat from the old country, had died. The aged couple had been brought to Canada by their children who lived in the west. No sooner had the husband stepped on Canadian soil than he collapsed. There, in a wheelchair, he looked for all the world as if he had fallen peacefully asleep, and there, on a bench at the dock, sat his wife, staring blankly at him and not understanding a word said by anyone. A doctor pronounced the man dead and Yadsie Urbanowicz, speaking as gently as possible in the woman's own language, broke the news to her.

"When she heard me speak Latvian, tears came into her eyes and she hugged me," Yadsie recalls. "I'm afraid I was close to tears myself. I promised her I'd find her a friendly Latvian family who'd take her in for a few days until the children arrived to claim their father's body. When they did arrive they decided to cremate him and keep his ashes in a jar, for the old man had promised his wife when they left Latvia, 'Someday, when things are brighter in Europe, we will come back,' and they wanted to take his ashes back with them if that day ever came."

A year later a letter arrived from the west. The old mother wrote that she was well and learning to like Canada. "You are especially close to me because you shared my hour of grief," she wrote the Travellers Aid worker. "I will never forget you."

For that matter, nobody who meets Yadsie



At Montreal's Windsor Station, Travellers' aide Urbanowicz explains Canadian money to newly arrived Italians. Bound for the west they had to stop over for a train; she found them rooms at a dollar a night.

Switching over to Central Station she escorts a mother and child to a train for the prairies. This kind of help is always on hand for all troubled travelers; once the society found beds for two hundred wives.





Toronto director Mrs. Margot Boyd greets a young traveler. Her section helped 1,970 people last year.



Yadsie Urbanowicz bumps into one of her "daughters," an Estonian girl now happy as a waitress.

Urbanowicz ever forgets her. A grey-haired, tireless little woman with a small frame and a big heart, she is easily the most colorful Travellers Aid representative in Canada. Born and raised in pre-revolutionary Russia, she escaped from that country first to Latvia, then to Canada. She has been port worker in Montreal for twenty years, where, with a working knowledge of twelve languages, a fervent need to help her fellow beings and a determination to keep going until she drops, she is ideally cast as an interpreter.

"My days," Yadsie said recently, "can be roughly divided into busy days and not-so-busy days."

One busy day last winter started at 11 p.m. when a trainload of displaced persons was due at Windsor Station, followed by a second train at 3 a.m. at Central Station, a ship docking at 6 a.m. and a bus leaving Montreal at 8 a.m. for St. Paul l'Ermite, a stopping place for new Canadians brought to this country by the Department of Labor. Yadsie made it her business to catch them all.

She and her fellow workers had been busy for days performing the dozens of small services which accompany the settling of a stranger in a new country. At 10.30 she hurried over to Windsor Station to find an air of excited expectancy in the crowd of waiting relatives. The train was two hours late, but Yadsie settled down to wait with the others, giving out information in three or four languages, assuring everyone that everything was going to be all right. When the gates opened and the newcomers poured in, problems began for the Travellers Aid.

A big red-haired Ukrainian, bound for the Ontario bush, was worried because his family, following him in the summer, couldn't speak English, and he wouldn't be able to leave his job to meet them. What would happen to them in Montreal? Miss Urbanowicz promised to meet

them and reroute them safely to his new address.

A pretty young woman confided that she had promised her fiancé she would arrange his entry to Canada after she was settled, but according to regulations she would have to marry him within a month of his arrival. She wasn't sure she wanted to. Yadsie suggested they talk the matter over the following week and see if the young man could be brought to Canada under some other arrangement, so the couple could get to know each other better before planning marriage.

The questions were endless and Yadsie Urbanowicz had heard them hundreds of times before. As she said, "They may be old questions to me, but they're new and terribly important to the people asking them."

At 2 a.m. the station was deserted and Yadsie decided to go home for an hour's nap before meeting the next train. She had barely time to dust the sheets before her alarm rang her out into the empty streets again.

Once, during a nocturnal expedition, she was dismayed to find two suspicious young men loitering in the corridor of her apartment building. She had to hurry on, but when she returned six hours later she found her apartment had been ransacked. "What could I have done?" she asks. "The Aquitania was due in half an hour."

Back in Central Station after her nap Yadsie found the train just pulling in. More problems, more questions, more answers. Then a cup of coffee in an all-night stand. "Sometimes I have ten cups of coffee a day; sometimes I haven't time for one," she confides. Then down to the docks where a Dutch boat was due. It arrived and once more Yadsie met people with smiles, answers and help. Eight o'clock found her on the bus bound for St. Paul, where she spent the rest of the day translating the needs and wants of new DPs. She returned home at 9.30 that evening, just in time for a couple of interviews before bed.

Last year the Travellers Aid in Montreal made seventeen of these excursions to St. Paul, met 175 ships and 223 trains, gave assistance to 14,818 persons and helped 80,474 people with information and direction services.

A not-so-busy day for Yadsie Urbanowicz is when no special trains or boats are scheduled and she can spend the day with fellow workers interviewing people in her office. Because of her languages, and also because she is the official Montreal representative of the International Refugee Organization, most of her interviews are with DPs. She says, "I was the first person they talked to in this country, so naturally they come to me when anything worries them."

Thus in a morning she may interview a housewife who begs somebody to "find out why Maria cries all the time"; a sullen domestic who complains her mistress has nailed a fifteen-minute schedule on the kitchen wall and stands around with a watch in her hand, timing each job; a pretty Estonian waitress who wants Miss Urbanowicz' advice on whether she should buy a fur coat on credit.

Once Yadsie made a routine telephone call to a DP who had settled in Montreal to tell him that his old-country fiancée was arriving by boat the following week. Would he be sure to meet her at the docks? A pause, then a male voice blurted, "But what shall I do? I married somebody else last month!"

It was up to Yadsie not only to meet the boat and tell a prospective bride that her wedding was off, but also to help the unhappy girl face up to her first year alone in Canada with neither fiancé, family nor friends. She said afterwards, "I'd rather have been jilted myself."

### The Old Lady Who Lived at Sea

Where a problem is out of her province Yadsie refers it to the proper agency. Last year the Montreal Travellers Aid passed on 411 of these cases. However, often an agency will refer a case right back to her. The Montreal employment office has been known to telephone, "We're sending Elsa over to you. She's unhappy and depressed, but there's nothing we can do about it. You have a good mother-and-daughter talk with her." Now Yadsie refers affectionately to DP domestics as "my daughters." When one of them married not long ago and later had a daughter, she sent the Travellers Aid worker a greeting card, "Happy Easter, Grandmother!" Yadsie was delighted.

The Montreal office of Travellers Aid is not entirely occupied with new Canadians. While port worker Urbanowicz flits from train to boat and back again, other representatives are on station duty, prepared to deal with everything from runaway children to unmarried mothers and from alcoholic husbands to senile old people with wanderlust.

One woman known to every Travellers Aid desk across Canada a few years ago had spent most of her savings on nine trans-Atlantic trips and was planning a tenth when the society stepped in and urged her family to assume responsibility for her, since she had

*Continued on page 34*





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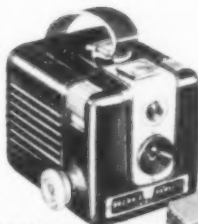
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## Maclean's MOVIES



CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

**ACE IN THE HOLE:** The hero heel in this cold and brilliant melodrama (Kirk Douglas) is a newsman who deliberately risks the life of a cave-in victim for the sake of advancing his own career. Writer-director Billy Wilder has here given us another memorable film, although the customers who disliked *Sunset Boulevard* may find this one rather strong medicine, too.

**ALONG THE GREAT DIVIDE:** The same Kirk Douglas turns up as a strong silent U. S. marshal in this expensive but disappointing hiss-opera. The dialogue, although evidently meant to be taken seriously, is almost a travesty of all the corny westerns ever made. Walter Brennan, Virginia Mayo and John Agar are also involved.

**FOLLOW THE SUN:** Somewhat in the vein of 1949's cherished *Stratton Story*, but dealing with golf instead of baseball, this is a pleasant and fairly persuasive real-life yarn about champion linksman Ben Hogan (Glenn Ford) and his tussles with disaster.

**4 STEPS IN THE CLOUDS:** An Italian item, produced in 1948 but still a relative newcomer in Canada. Somewhat sluggishly, but with a good deal of unforced humor and humanity, it tells a tale about a middle-aged family man who quixotically poses as the husband of an expectant mother so that her stern parents won't suspect she isn't even married. The mood is lusty, but never leering.

**FOURTEEN HOURS:** A well-made suspense story about a distressed youth who deeply affects the people of a metropolis by standing all day atop a skyscraper while dozens of good and bad consultants plead with him not to jump. No real film-fan should miss it.

**HOUSE ON TELEGRAPH HILL:** A fair-enough entry in the crowded department

of Murders & Suspense, with the able Richard Basehart as a soft-spoken assassin. Valentina Cortese, as a Polish refugee trying to take over a dead woman's life in San Francisco, is his principal target.

**M:** The title, shortest of the season, is an abbreviation of either *Murderer* or *Madman* in this earnest, imitative but only partly successful remake of a classic film produced in Germany in 1932. It's about a neurotic fellow (David Wayne) who goes around killing little girls because his mother made him feel guilty, guilty, guilty.

**MOVIE CRAZY:** The best episodes in this nineteen-year old Harold Lloyd comedy are still as hilarious as ever, fully justifying its reissue for present-day audiences.

**OUTRAGE:** Worthy intentions and an applaudable social message are not enough by themselves to make an interesting motion picture. Example: this Hollywood parable about a sheltered blossom (Mala Powers) who is raped on the street by a "mental case" who should not have been released from an institution. Slow, dull, and preachy.

**RAWHIDE:** Some exaggerated night-marelike close-ups do not prevent this from being a good suspense western. It's about a man, a girl and a baby held captive by runaway killers. Tyrone Power, Susan Hayward, Hugh Marlowe and Dean Jagger are in the competent cast.

**SOLDIERS THREE:** Carefree horseplay among the sturdy laughing warriors of the British Army in India in the 1890's . . . related, rather remotely, to the Rudyard Kipling stories. Stewart Granger, Robert Newton and Cyril Cusack are the somewhat fatiguing heroes, with Walter Pidgeon as their gruff but sterling colonel.

## GILMOUR RATES

All About Eve: Satiric comedy. Tops.  
Appointment With Danger: Crime. Good.

Bedtime for Bonzo: Comedy. Fair.  
Bird of Paradise: Tropical love. Fair.

Blue Lamp: Police thriller. Good.  
Born Yesterday: Comedy. Excellent.

Brave Bulls: Matador drama. Fair.  
Broken Arrow: Western. Good.

Bullfighter & the Lady: Drama. Fair.  
City Lights (reissue): Comedy. Tops.

Clouded Yellow: Suspense. Good.  
The Company She Keeps: Drama. Fair.

Cry Danger: Crime drama. Fair.  
Cyrano de Bergerac: Drama. Fair.

Devil in the Flesh (French): Sex drama.  
Good—for adults.

Double Deal: Oil-well drama. Fair.  
Edge of Doom: Tragic murder. Fair.

The Enforcer: Crime drama. Good.  
Father's Little Dividend: Comedy. Good.

Gambling House: Crime. Poor.  
Grounds for Marriage: Musical. Fair.

Half Angel: Light whimsy. Poor.  
Halls of Montezuma: War. Good.

Harvey: Fantastic comedy. Good.  
Highly Dangerous: Spy drama. Fair.

I Can Get It for You Wholesale: Sly,  
satiric comedy-drama. Fair.

The Jackpot: Comedy. Good.  
Katie Did It: Comedy. Fair.

Kim: Kipling adventure. Good.

King Solomon's Mines: Safari. Tops.

Last Holiday: Tragi-comedy. Good.

Last Outpost: "Big" western. Poor.

The Lawless: Suspense drama. Good.

Lemon Drop Kid: Bob Hope farce. Fair.

Lightning Strikes Twice: Drama. Poor.

Lucky Nick Cain: Melodrama. Fair.

Lullaby of Broadway: Musical. Fair.

Macbeth: Shakespeare drama. Fair.

Mad Wednesday: Comedy. Good.

The Magnet: British comedy. Good.

Mating Season: Comedy. Good.

Mister 880: Comedy. Excellent.

Mr. Music: Crosby musical. Fair.

The Mudlark: Comedy-drama. Good.

Mystery Street: Crime. Excellent.

No Way Out: Racial drama. Good.

Odette: Espionage drama. Fair.

Of Men & Music: Film concert. Good.

Only the Valiant: Western. Good.

Payment on Demand: Drama. Fair.

Royal Wedding: Astaire musical. Good.

7 Days to Noon: Atom drama. Good.

Smuggler's Island: Melodrama. Poor.

Steel Helmet: Korean war. Good.

Storm Warning: Mob drama. Good.

13th Letter: Quebec drama. Good.

Tomahawk: Redskin western. Fair.

Trio: 3 comedy-dramas. Excellent.

Valentina: Romantic biography. Poor.

Vengeance Valley: Western. Good.

You're in the Navy Now: Comedy. Good.



# AROUND THE HOME



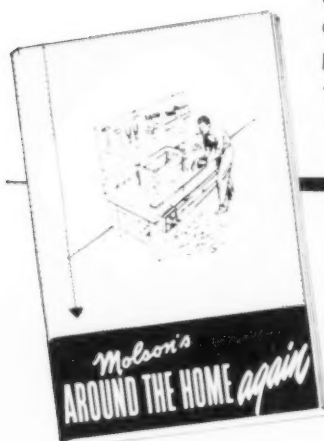
## LAWN ROLLER

*from discarded hot water tank...*

HOLES CAPPED FOR FILLING WITH WATER. HANDLE - BENT WATER PIPE, FASTENED WITH ELBOW COUPLINGS... OR 2x2, WITH TWO PIECES FROM DISCARDED WAGON OR CAR SPRINGS, FASTENED WITH BOLTS.

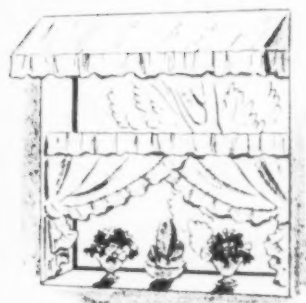
## GUEST BOOK

LOOSE-LEAF. COVER OF PLYWOOD, 1/2" LARGER THAN PAGES. HOLES TO TAKE LEATHER SHOELACE.



## NEW BOOKLET

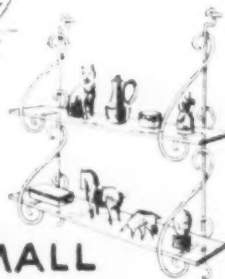
You'll find more information on these and many other interesting ideas in the booklet "Around the Home Again", just published. Write for your copy to Tom Gard, c/o MOLSON'S (ONTARIO) LIMITED, P.O. Box 490, Adelaide St. Station, Toronto.



## Canopy

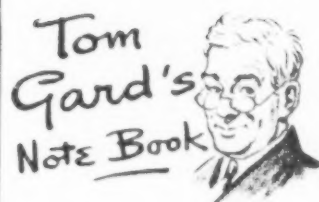
*adds gay touch to kitchen*

TOP AND ENDS: 1/4" PLYWOOD, COVERED WITH CHINTZ OR WALLPAPER.



## SMALL SHELF

FROM COAT HANGERS - ALL JOINTS SOLDERED OR WELDED.



My lawn roller never seems to be home. Possibly I should make another one—just to lend to people! Fooling aside, this borrowing tools and then forgetting to bring them back can be most annoying—and I'm not guiltless. I was all set to roll the area just spaded for late vegetables when I discovered it was missing. The predicament was finally settled by borrowing Herb's sleek "store" job. It gave me the idea of looking for a short, fat hot water tank and fixing up a handle attachment from inch water pipe. Its weight can be regulated by the amount of water used in the tank—quite an improvement on my present one filled with heavy concrete. Possibly that will be my first job when holidays are over.

### Chintz Canopy

Here is a simple way to perk up your kitchen window, noticed while in the St. Thomas area. A light canopy was constructed from building board and fastened on the inside to the edge of the window frame. Bright chintz was sewn in the form of an awning to fit the frame and thumb tacked in place, with the tacks out of sight. It was most attractive. After repeated attempts to describe its construction to my usually bright "better half", I finally took the hint and built one. Now she will have to get busy and cover it.

While she is sewing the canopy, maybe I can talk her into covering the guest book I made out of a cigar box last spring. It's quite attractive in its natural finish but it will be even better covered with some of the drapery material that was left over.

### Knick-Knack Shelf

If you want a small shelf for light keepsakes try your hand at making one from coat hangers. It will take a bit of patience to form the wire into the desired pattern but it can be done.

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CINCINNATI 2, OHIO



Colin McDougall and wife in their Montreal garden. Rejection slips became a cheque.

## IN THE *Editors'* CONFIDENCE

**L**IKE MANY another Canadian writer, Colin McDougall will see his first published fiction story in this magazine. He will find his starts on page 12 under the title, *Cardboard Soldier*.

McDougall has been writing stories, sending them out and getting them back with rejection slips attached for the last two years. All this is done in the time he can spare from his busy job as director of the placement service at Montreal's McGill University, where he tries to find jobs for students and graduates. He says the demand for graduates this year was never better and in some fields there aren't enough of them to fill the demand.

McDougall, who was born in Montreal thirty-three years ago, is an old McGill man himself and can recall when his school last won an intercollegiate rugby title. This feat of memory is made easier by the fact that he played for the Redmen that season, way back in '38.

McDougall served with the Princess Pats as a company commander in the Italian campaign, was awarded the DSO and was mentioned in dispatches.

He is married to a girl called Diana and has two children, seven and five. McDougall recalls that the idea for the *Cardboard Soldier* came to him in 1950 and he made an entry in his notebook. Usually such entries give a writer no trouble and just lie there like tired breakfast food that's lost its snap. But this one refused to be ignored and the writer found he *had* to write the story.

• Reginald Hardy, who describes the fantastic ruins Mackenzie King willed to the Canadian people in an

article starting on page 7, describes himself as a man as rare as a native New Yorker—a native Ottawan who still lives there.

"I started in newspaper work in 1924 as a cub with the *Journal*, joined the *Citizen* in 1934 and finally in 1944 went to the Southern News Services Parliamentary Bureau," he reports.

"I've always done free-lance writing and fiction and in 1949 published my first book, *Mackenzie King of Canada*. I still have notebooks filled with material about the late prime minister for I had watched him for a decade in the House and got to know him pretty well. I hope to be able to make use of this material some day."

Hardy is married and has a son, Reg. Jr., who will start his third year as science student at McGill next fall.

### THE COVER



**F**RANKLIN ARBUCKLE made the sketch for this cover at 11:30 at night up in the Northwest Territories beyond Yellowknife, which was his base for the trip. The artist, unaccustomed to twenty hours of daylight, found it hard to stop working because for years he had trained himself to work as long as the daylight held.



## Are We Licking Inflation?

*Continued from page 21*

in human history. Its price was inflation simply because we were trying to live beyond our means and this long before the defense program, with its further drain on our resources, had even begun.

Exactly when or how Towers and the Finance Department experts persuaded the Cabinet that the time for drastic action had come we may never know. Perhaps the Cabinet doesn't remember either. These things are done with little disturbance, by a kind of official osmosis, in the neighborly atmosphere of Ottawa.

Anyway, on October 17, 1950 a date to be remembered the Bank of Canada moved in, an axe clutched behind its back. The official bank rate—the interest the central bank charges to private banks when they borrow money from it—was raised from one and a half percent to two percent.

In the classic and automatic economy of the nineteenth century this would have launched an instant deflation. Since the private banks would have to pay more for the money they borrowed from the central bank, they would have charged more to companies and individuals who borrowed from them. The borrowers would have borrowed less and hence the banks would have created less money. At the same time, attracted by higher interest yields, everybody would have tried to save more and spend less. The whole money supply and the public's demand for goods would have been sharply reduced.

But the private banks had plenty of assets of their own and were not currently borrowing from the central bank. They felt no shock from the rise in the central bank rate and went on blithely pumping up the money supply as before.

Doubtless Towers had expected nothing else, but he had flown a storm signal, warning the private banks and all businessmen that inflation was getting out of hand, that sail should be shortened, hatches battened down. No one heeded the signal. Under full sail our economy was driving toward the rocks.

At the beginning of 1951, with bank loans at the incredible figure of \$3.3 billions—up nearly \$500 millions in a year and still rising—Towers and the Government knew that something much more effective than storm signals was required. It was time to use the axe. The ultimate fiscal power of the state must be invoked as it had never been invoked in Canada before, except in time of total war.

The advance into this great financial experiment was casual and disarming. Early in February Towers invited the private banks into conference in the marble mausoleum of the Bank of Canada on Ottawa's Wellington Street. The commercial bankers were not ordered to do anything, as is generally supposed. The central bank had no wish or legal power to issue orders. It merely expressed the opinion that bank loans were dangerously high.

To a commercial banker an "opinion" from a central bank is a shaking thing. Surprisingly enough, the private banks were relieved to hear it. They didn't like the look of the inflationary balloon any better than Towers and the Government, but they could hardly refuse a loan to a customer who could easily get it from a competing bank across the street and transfer his business there. If all the banks agreed to cut down loans simultaneously none would suffer a permanent loss of customers.

The private banks, therefore, instantly accepted the central bank's advice. Thus almost without public announcement the axe of bank-loan restriction—item one in a four-point policy—began to descend on borrowers.

The plight of the borrowers (who are also voters) would in normal times be the last thing any government would care to face. In these abnormal times when short-run political gains are less important than the long-term catastrophe of inflation, a curb on bank loans, at the immediate inconvenience of borrowers, was precisely what the

Government wanted. It meant a reduction in the demand for all kinds of goods.

One brake had been applied to inflation. Three more were needed to slow down the remaining wheels, since inflation does not arise solely out of bank credit by any means. Late last spring the complete set of four-wheel brakes had been applied so smoothly that the full jolt has not been felt even yet.

The most obvious and best-understood brake was the increased taxation of the last Abbott budget. If anyone

doubts that, as item two of the program, it will reduce public purchasing power he has not yet paid his new income tax, the increased sales tax or the brutal excise tax on luxuries.

Thirdly came a glittering, brand-new gimmick called the postponement of depreciation allowances on new business. Who of Mr. Abbott's brain trust dreamed this one up is not clear, but the anonymous inventor was evidently a genius.

When a company builds a new plant it is allowed to write off part of the cost, in annual installments, as a non-

## Why are these spoons so happy?

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57

taxable operating cost. By withdrawing this privilege the Government could discourage many enterprisers from undertaking new construction; without the depreciation allowance it would be unprofitable. Every non-essential enterprise thus postponed could reduce the drain on manpower, materials and machinery.

In his last budget Abbott postponed for four years the depreciation allowances on all new business ventures except those, like defense industries, judged essential by the Government. In this case the Government means

C. D. Howe, the defense-production boss.

By this means the Government can encourage the kind of industrial expansion it feels the nation needs and can afford while discouraging all others. The power the Government thus assumed is sweeping, unlimited, could be dangerous through the operation of political pressures and assuredly would not be tolerated in normal times. With his other power the allocation of many building materials Howe now bestrides the expansion of all Canadian construction like a reluctant colossus.

Even this combination of reduced bank loans, high taxes and postponed depreciation was not enough. If business and junior governments could not get money from the banks, if they were ready to pay the Government's taxes, if they disregarded depreciation, they could still borrow money and spend it by selling bonds, and they could borrow at low interest rates.

All interest rates are geared to the current yield on Federal Government bonds. As the price of Government bonds falls on the market, interest rates all rise, and vice versa. A central

bank, by purchasing bonds if they threaten to fall or selling accumulated bonds if prices rise, can govern their price and the general interest rate.

A rise in interest rates was clearly needed to reduce the expansion plans of junior governments and business. But Canada could not risk it alone. If interest rates rose here far above those of the United States eager American investors would pour money into Canada to reap the larger returns. This would add dangerously to our excessive money supply.

Fortunately, at the very moment when Canada most required a higher interest rate the United States Federal Reserve Board won a year-long fight with the United States Treasury, pulled the props from under U. S. Government bonds and, by refusing to buy them in as formerly, let the price fall. Anticipating this, Canadian investors already had begun to bid lower on Canadian bonds. The bond market in both countries softened, interest rates rose all according to plan. In Canada the fourth brake had been clamped down.

The Arctic silence of this land, already pierced by cries of anguish from business, junior governments, individual borrowers and installment buyers, was now further rent by the complaints of little bondholders who saw their hundred-dollar Victory bonds drop to around ninety-seven dollars though they would be worth the full hundred dollars of course at maturity. Some critics shouted that the little man, the patriotic saver of wartime, had been betrayed. The fact was that the Government was using the interest rate mechanism, among other things, to protect the real value of the investor's bonds, to try to guard his dollars against a further loss of their value through further price increases.

It isn't true, as some Canadians believe, that the Government ever guaranteed to hold its bonds constantly at par. The record shows that under continual pressure from the CCF James Hsley as minister of finance and Douglas Abbott as his assistant repeatedly refused to give any such undertaking. They could not give it without throwing away in advance the final weapon against inflation.

By the end of June, with the four-wheel brakes in full operation, a lot of people were getting hurt temporarily. The Government believed, however, while keeping its fingers crossed, that perhaps the great watershed of high prices in Canada had been quietly crossed in the night provided that other nations, especially the United States, would continue in the same direction. And that is a big IF.

"With luck," an official authority pre-eminently qualified to give an opinion, told me, "we should have inflation licked by autumn. But we still need luck."

This must sound like sheer lunacy to the housewife. She sees only retail prices in the stores. She doesn't know that the worst pressures of inflation actually eased off at the first of the year when, after the panic buying of 1950, business found its inventories too high, the consumer had generally got that new refrigerator and the U. S. wholesale price index—the world's central thermometer—had flattened out.

It takes time for wholesale prices to reflect themselves in retail prices. In March the Canadian cost-of-living index rose 2.1 points, less than half of the 4.5 rise in February. In April the rise of .2 points was insignificant to the housewife but highly significant to the Government. The brakes apparently were working. The Government will be surprised and disappointed if prices show any serious increase



## COOLING OFF!

It takes a lot of cooling to keep a Polar Bear happy. This largest member of the bear family is smaller than a porcupine at birth, but often weighs more than three-quarters of a ton when full grown. To this tremendous bulk, add the fact that the bear is covered with a thick, water-proof coat,

which is designed to protect him in the Arctic . . . it's a big job keeping him cool in our zoos.

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Nature Unspoiled  
YOURS TO PROTECT - YOURS TO ENJOY

# CARLING'S

CB-6





during the rest of the summer. It has, or thinks it has, a breathing spell in the inflationary spiral. If our fiscal measures succeed as planned there is a chance that the breathing spell will be extended into a permanent cure.

The Government is not ready to cheer yet. Having burned his fingers before, Abbott is making no promises to Parliament. There are too many big IFs in the economists' pat equation.

If, for instance, there is another international incident, setting off another buying panic even far short of world war, it could smash all the monetary safeguards now erected.

If the United States fails to maintain the Federal Reserve Board's deflationary policy or to levy enough taxes prices will certainly rise after the lull and soon spill over the border.

If Canadian labor unions win too large an increase in wages it will be translated into prices a little later on, no matter how well the fiscal methods work.

Or if total Canadian production falls we shall have reduced the money supply only to find that the supply of goods has been reduced also, and the old inflationary unbalance will remain.

#### Pressure from the Provinces

A reduction in working hours and hence of industrial output is officially regarded as by far the largest economic danger in front of Canada today. Hence a Government which facilitated a forty-hour week on the railways after last year's strike is now desperately pleading with labor to work "harder and longer." Hence Abbott's appeal for forty minutes' extra work a day to maintain our present supply of consumer goods, provide a ten percent increase in output for armaments and help to beat inflation. Hence also the most disturbing economic news of recent times is that this nation, for all its new machinery and skills, has not increased its productivity per capita in the last five years, mostly because it has chosen shorter work hours and an easier life in preference to more goods.

All these things considered, we shall need more than luck and monetary policy to beat inflation. We shall need in Ottawa a degree of political courage higher than we have seen in current memory and we shall need in Canadian households a degree of intelligence and patience never seen except in time of war.

The Government must stand up to the pressure of provinces and municipalities, which will have to scale down their building plans; of business concerns that want to expand and cannot get the money; of wage earners who think they can beat inflation by raising money wages sure to cancel themselves out in higher prices; of housewives who think inflation can be beaten by an easy control of prices, an attack on symptoms; of pressure groups that demand higher governmental spending (which is just another demand for goods) and in the same breath complain against higher taxes; perhaps of men temporarily unemployed as some industries run short of materials or slow down during conversion from civilian to defense production. And the Federal Government will have to watch its own spending.

It will take some time for business and consumers to understand the deflationary forces at work but before this is printed the Government probably will be under the first real fire of its long charmed life. Then the hard inner mettle of Louis St. Laurent will be tested.

If he retreats, if the deflationary

program is relaxed prematurely in response to public clamor, if the Government is driven into direct price controls which it knows to be unworkable, then the chance of victory over inflation will be lost. The breathing spell will quickly end. The value of every Canadian dollar will plummet still further, the housewife will be harder pressed by prices and private savers will be crucified all over again.

At first glance the deflationary policy looks grim and daunting. In fact, Canada is not asked to accept any inconvenience worth the name of sacrifice. The bark of deflation is far worse than its bite. The real question is whether the bark actually contains enough bite to do the job.

This whole process, stripped of economists' jargon, can be put in a layman's nutshell: About ten percent of our total output must go into armaments and be lost to the consumer. Unless, as a producer, he raises that output by ten percent he must live on 90 percent of his present supply of goods. That will still leave him with at least the second highest living standard human beings have ever known anywhere. We have only to cut down our industrial expansion and our governmental and private spending a little to bring our affairs into balance. Compared with the alternative, this is not much to ask.

If we lack the sense and stamina to accept the cleansing medicine of deflation in a minor dose we shall have to take it later on anyway, massively and with far worse pain. We have been living beyond our means and must ultimately live within them. At some point deflation must occur, either by sane and orderly methods like those now in train or by such an increase in prices that people simply cannot buy and the whole economic structure will topple of its own accord in another depression.

Having reversed its direction, the Government could go too far, slowing down essential industrial expansion, reducing output by throwing people out of work, preventing vital provincial and municipal works. No one in Ottawa foresees any such danger. The only question is whether the deflationary measures up to now will go far enough, both here and in the United States. The last public figures, showing bank loans still on the increase as late as March 31, are not reassuring to the deflationists and must change radically before autumn or the Government will know that, in spite of the temporarily arrested cost-of-living index, its policy is failing.

To say that we have inflation licked, as some of the optimists of Ottawa say, as the Government and men like Towers are too wise to say, is certainly premature. But by the year's end we should know one way or the other barring of course another inflationary infection from the Politburo.

The answer will depend less on the Government and the central bank than on the Canadian people. They say they don't want inflation. They were horrified when this writer six months ago asked the perfectly logical question of that time: whether our dollar would some day be worth twenty cents. Have they now the courage and wisdom to accept the corrective of deflation which can prevent that result?

Tapering off from America's long inflationary spree will be disagreeable, like any hang-over, and we cannot be sure of our sobriety yet since it's at the mercy of international forces beyond our control. But if monetary deflation doesn't work nothing else will, except the certain alternative of a grand smash a little farther along the broad and easy road to ruin. ★

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## London Letter

Continued from page 4

and dignity in the stables where breeding mocks the claim of equality.

It was fitting that our host at lunch should be Lord Wolverton, for was not his father a member of the sacred Jockey Club? His lordship has a huge billiard table and on the wall there hangs a tablet with the sixty official rules governing the game. I was much intrigued by rule No. 59: "Spectators are not entitled to offer advice to the players."

We sat down to lunch to the number of about ten in a great room which looked out on a lush green lawn, and we deplored the evils that Socialism had brought upon us. The wines were perfect, the servants were noiseless and expert, the conversation was lively. I had a feeling that nothing had happened in a hundred years and that nothing was likely to happen for another hundred. My host could not have been more courteous, and in his attitude toward Aitken and myself there was that slight suggestion of the deference of the amateur for the professionals. In other words members of the House of Lords are unpaid whereas we get a thousand pounds a year.

Then we set out for the Conservative fête in three cars. It was a late spring day, colder than charity. The heavy soggy clouds hung low and oozed tears upon the just and the unjust. The air was so raw that it pricked our cheeks like the edge of a knife. A cruel wind howled its way round trees and chilled the red hands of buxom girls offering chocolate ices for our refreshment. There were coconut shies and all sorts of stalls where you could be parted from your pennies.

### Heckled By the Horses

In the centre of the vast park was the Newmarket Town Band, blowing away in great style, and in another part of the grounds there were about twenty girls varying in age from six to fifteen, mounted on horses and wearing a sort of Cossack riding garb with Russian top hats. At a signal from a woman wearing riding breeks the musical ride began, the girls weaving in and out and performing miracles as if it were nothing. The wind howled, the band played louder, and the rest of us stood in shivering approval.

After that it was agreed the MPs had better do their stuff and get it over with. So the crowd gathered round, Bill Aitken introduced me with the enthusiastic mendacity which is expected on such occasions, and I started to declaim and proclaim the virtues of Conservatism.

One expects heckling on such occasions but never before have I been heckled by horses. "What this country needs is a change of government," I shouted and there came the answer "Neigh!" "Neigh!" The horses were certainly not with me.

The speech was going pretty well, however, and there were even some bursts of applause when I suddenly realized that I had lost my audience. Some piece of news had arrived and was being circulated from mouth to mouth. Then it reached us and Bill Aitken intervened to shout: "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Churchill's horse has won the Winston Churchill Stakes at Kempton Park."

Hip hip hurrah! Good old Churchill! What a man and what a horse! Who wouldn't be a Conservative in merry England? So I finished my speech to the apparent satisfaction of everyone except three young men standing by a tree some distance away who shouted:

"Rubbish!" But this time the horses were with me and they answered "Neigh!"

A cup of tea in a tent, a biscuit, a sandwich, then we left and the crowd got down to the job of enjoying itself. The band played a rollicking Gilbert and Sullivan tune to give us a proper send-off.

"I am sure you would like to see the Jockey Club," said Lord Wolverton, "and I have arranged it if you would be interested." Such an invitation is equivalent to being admitted to a temple in Tibet.

Ladies and gentlemen, this is the Jockey Club which only comes to life when there is a race meet at Newmarket, during which the members conduct their affairs. Even the King has to submit himself for election and you will see these boxes marked "for" and "against" where you insert your hand and drop a ball either to the left container or to the right. Thus is the secrecy of the ballot maintained—and, incidentally, this is the origin of being blackballed for election.

### But a Mistress Is Okay

The Jockey Club, which controls the rules of racing and has complete power to refuse or cancel a training or riding license and to ban an owner, dates back to far-off days. In the reign of Queen Anne racing had become so corrupt and such a medium for ruffians and vagabonds that it seemed in danger of extinction. Fortunately a retired admiral, by the name of Rouse, joined the Jockey Club and made such a clean-up that his rules are the basis of racing throughout the world today.

It is not a mere figure of speech that racing is the sport of kings. The beautiful Ascot course actually belongs to His Majesty, which is the reason why he and the Queen drive up the course in an open coach on each of the first four days of the summer meeting. And because Ascot is the King's property there is the Royal Enclosure which maintains certain rigid standards in spite of the ridicule which is poured upon it from time to time.

No guilty party in a divorce can obtain tickets for the Royal Enclosure. It may seem faintly absurd that members of parliament can represent a constituency in spite of the fact that

they have been divorced, yet cannot enter the Royal Enclosure at Ascot. A further point of ridicule is that a man can take his mistress there without any protest. However, the King remains adamant and the rules are not likely to be changed.

Let us return to the cloistered silence of the Jockey Club. On the walls are paintings by famous artists of famous Derby winners presented by famous owners. There are no other paintings on the stately walls. From the windows we can see what looks like an adjoining abbey set in the beautiful fields. These are the sleeping quarters for the members when they meet in concourse at Newmarket. The most recently elected of them is Winston Churchill, but I have a suspicion that he will honor his membership more in the breach than in the observance.

But our explorations were not over. Lord Wolverton drove us through the town, past the ancient pub The Black Horse, past the house which Nell Gwynn occupied when racing was on, and another house where, for purposes of decorum, Charles II stayed. Eventually we reached the home and the stables of J. Jarvis, the most famous trainer in England.

Here in their stalls were the finest animals that breeding can create, strong beautiful elegant creatures guarded and cared for by the lesser breed of men. There was no deference in their large eyes as they craned their necks to gaze upon this parliamentary deputation. In a few days the Derby would be run and perhaps this horse or that would achieve immortality. So they turned their heads away from these two-legged intruders and, like humble courtiers, we withdrew.

Aitken and I returned to town by motor, leaving the fields behind us and gradually reaching the outskirts of London with crowded streets and ugly shops and all the teeming tuberosity of the metropolis. We had dwelt for an hour in the kingdom of the horse and re-entered the kingdom of man. But I had a feeling we had found England that day, the England that is linked with the past and will go on and on into the future whatever the alteration of the social and political scene.

Kingdoms rise and fall, but the kingdom of the horse will prevail for ever and for ever. ★







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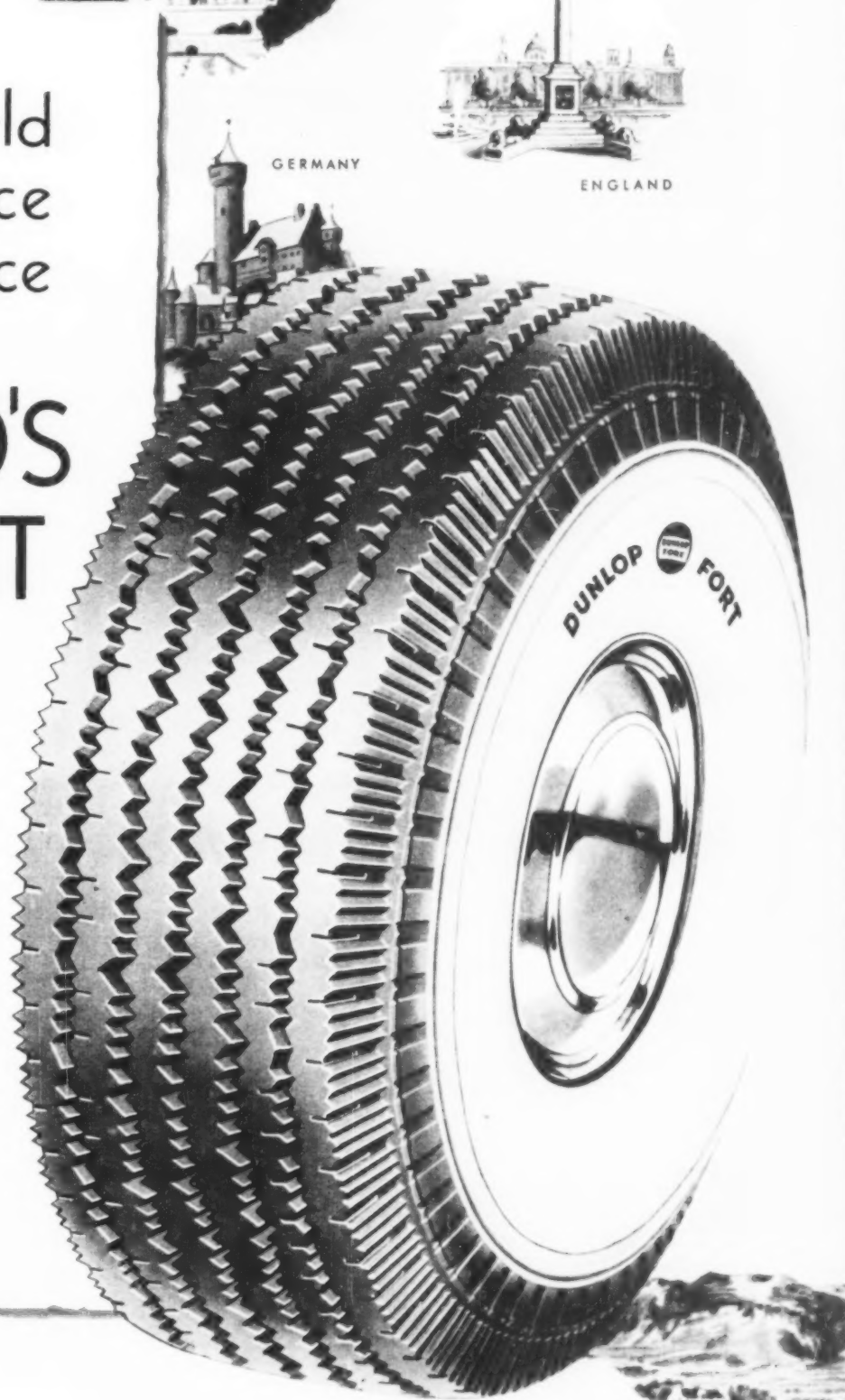


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## Yadsie Meets All Trains

Continued from page 24

suffered several heart attacks on her travels and was spending her money recklessly with no hope of maintenance later on. Her case reminded workers of an old man in the U. S. who would light out on the first train every time his daughter-in-law suggested a bath and land at the nearest Travellers Aid. (He was usually given a good-natured scolding and sent home.)

The Travellers Aid also has a "chain service" for routing a traveler from the east coast clear out to the west coast, with care at each stopover. Many people and organizations use the service: railway officials, police, welfare workers, the WCTU, the Red Cross, American Travellers Aid societies, and strangers who have heard of the service and know someone in need of help.

In one case an old woman looking for work limped twenty miles into Montreal on an ulcerated leg. Travellers Aid workers learned she had been brought from England by her son and daughter-in-law, who lived in rural Quebec, on the understanding that when she wanted to return home they would arrange passage. When another son in England wrote he was leaving for Korea, and she asked her daughter-in-law for the promised passage home to say good-by to him, it was refused. So she had hiked to Montreal to beg the Travellers Aid to help her find employment so she could earn her boat fare home.

When a doctor stated the woman was in no condition to work, and several letters to the son and daughter-in-law brought no reply, Travellers Aid got busy. A daughter in England was



contacted; she sold her wedding ring and sent the money, but it was still not enough. Finally the steamship company was approached and agreed to co-operate. Travellers Aid sent the woman on her way and she arrived in England in time to kiss her soldier son good-by.

Occasionally the Travellers Aid does its job *too* well. Last summer a small boy on his way to visit his grandmother in rural Alberta was handed over to the Winnipeg society on a twelve hour stopover. What to do with the lad? A bright Travellers Aid girl took him to a children's camp, where he swam, ran races, joined in a singsong and had such a fine time that he showed no inclination to continue his journey. Only by promising him another visit to camp on his return trip could the Travellers Aid persuade him to get on the train taking him to his waiting grandmother. ★

## How to make heavenly Peach Salad

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### Suggested Menus

#### COLD-DISH LUNCHEON

Vegetable Soup  
French Bread  
Peach Salad  
Sponge Cupcakes

Iced tea Iced coffee

#### HOT-DISH SUPPER

Vegetable Juice Cocktail  
Chicken Pie  
Potato Chips Green Peas  
Peach Salad

Tea Coffee



**1.** Drain a No. 2½ can of cling peach halves, setting aside ½ cup of the juice. Cut 2 of the halves into thick slices; cut the others into small pieces. If you use fresh peaches, you'll need about 4 of medium size. Soften 1 envelope gelatin in ½ tbsps. cold water. Dissolve in hot peach juice. Cool.



**2.** Soften one 8-oz. pkg. or two 4-oz. pgs. Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese and gradually blend in ½ tbsps. lemon juice and ½ cup of Kraft Mayonnaise. Add ½ tsp. salt. In dishes like this, the delicacy and richness of Kraft Kitchen-Fresh Mayonnaise are supremely important. You need true mayonnaise at its finest.



**3.** Whip ½ cup heavy cream. Add the cut-up peaches to the cream cheese-mayonnaise mixture. Blend in the cooled gelatin mixture and fold in the whipped cream. Pour into a mold and chill until firm. Unmold on crisp leaf lettuce arranged on a platter. Garnish with maraschino cherries and the peach slices.



## Lunenburg: A Ship On the Shore

Continued from page 19

named by the many artists who flock to the town in the summer. The ungainly, straight-walled buildings, perfect in their surroundings, have been painted as much as the Taj Mahal.

The air of the place was a spicy Byzantine you could taste on the tongue with a rich fume of smoked filets wafting down from "Smith's" smoking sheds to mix with the aroma of salt cod and the tarred reek of caulker's oakum and the salt tang of the northern sea. It was caulking and rigging time in the fleet and the ring of the caulker's mauls was a merry chatter.

The wharves and the adjoining offices are Lunenburg's bourse as well as its workshop. The great names in Canada's fishery are proud on the sheds: Zwicker & Co., Adams & Knickle, Acadian Supply, Lunenburg Foundry, Rhuland Bros.

Zwicker & Co. was founded in 1787, the oldest firm in Canada to remain in a single family. Homer Zwicker is national vice-president of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce and the town is very proud of him.

### Not All Beer and Skittles

"Smith's" is what Lunenburg still calls the big sheds and wharves down at the north end of the harbor. Smiths have always run the business. Lunenburg Sea Products displaced Smith and Co. as the firm name and the town is still grim because it was changed again to National Sea Products when the company joined a big nation-wide combine. Lunenburg does not like to feel it is only a "part" of anything.

At the other end of the harbor is Rhuland Bros., the shipbuilders. It is a wooden yard still using broad-ax and adzmen. A whole big hillside sloping up from the building ways is strewn with a tawny drift of big ship timber. In the little office John Rhuland, a partner with his two brothers in the firm, waved at a typewritten list thumbtacked on the wall of the launchings of 220 Rhuland-built hulls. Dog-eared and grimy, it is a catalogue of dreams. All the fleet worth mentioning is there. All alone under the subhead "1921" the only hull built that year stands a great name. She was built alone. Life marked her off to stay that way forever. Bluenose.

Back on the wharves watching the caulkers hunching along on their one-legged stools as they drove long tresses of oakum into the deck seams of Ernie Moseman's Marjorie-Dorothy was a coterie of captains. Ernie himself was there, cocky as a rooster. Billy Deal was there and Rowly Knickle and Moyle Crouse in a grey pin-stripe suit.

"Now Charlie," Ernie said, "what can bring you down here this time snoopin' around?"

I told him.

"Well," said Ernie. "Life here ain't all beer and skittles and Smiths and Zwickers. You better get in the preachers, Charlie. And we got some senators struttin' around here now. There's Duff and Kinley and there's Henry Winters' boy, Robert."

"There's a good boy," Billy Deal said. "He's in the Cabinet; Minister of Resources and Development. We're proud of that boy."

"Yes," said Ernie, "but the rum's no good any more. But it's got so a man can get a good piece of fried halibut in town now. The cookin's better. Bluenose Lodge and that Boscowan Inn place where they got carpets and

Hillside Hotel and old man Risser's."

"Risser can cook turnip," Moyle Crouse said. "And that snowy weather meal codfish and pork scraps and boiled potatoes."

"You mustn't say anything about the hospital," Billy Deal said.

There was a pause here you could cut with a dull bait knife for I certainly should not say anything about the hospital. It is an ambitious project to give Lunenburg and its staff of excellent doctors, who have no hospital at all now, a modern plant with a crack operating room. Construction was well started when the money ran out. Argument reached such a pass that a referendum was held. It was voted down. But the gaunt, quarter-finished building stands helpless in the rain, howling accusation. Lunenburg's tremendous civic pride is challenged by it and, ironically, its frugality as well for every sailor knows what a waste it is to let weather beat into an exposed structure.

Lunenburg feels terrible about the hospital. Eventually, if precedent is any guide, the hospital will be finished and probably on a more lavish scale than it was originally conceived.

"You should get Dutchy Himmelman in there," Rowly Knickle said breaking the silence about the hospital. "There was a fella, now. He was part of Lunenburg."

Dutchy was Albert Himmelman, a cordage salesman and a legend.

"Tell about the time the whole engine dropped out of his car," Rowly Knickle said, "on the top of Bridgewater Hill. It fell right out on the road. That's the kind of a car he drove. There were two husky young fellas coming along with a team of oxen. Dutchy got them to load the engine in their wagon and follow along."

"Now just give a little push," Dutchy said.

"He rolled down the hill and into Bridgewater garage just as nice."

"I think she needs a little oil," said Dutchy to the attendant.

"Now that fella when he lifted the hood! His eyes got as big as portholes."

Rowly punched Moyle Crouse gently with his fist, a shoving punch to keep himself from exploding alone. "That fella threw up his hands. No engine! 'I think she needs a leetle oil.' Oh, that Dutchy!"

"Steddy Berringer!" Moyle said. "The time when they were talking about planes."

Stedman Berringer was Lunenburg's famous butcher, the father of the famous Lunenburg "pudding" a cold, lardy sausage made of meat scraps and cheap too. When someone in Steddy's shop moaned about the rising price of butter and wondered what the poor people were going to put on their bread, Steddy would say "Let dem eat puddance."

But the time about "planes" was a discourse on language. There was a salesman from a meat-packing house in Steddy's place on Lincoln Street. He and Steddy were agreeing that English was a hard language to learn, a subject Steddy could talk on with considerable authority. A shipwright came into the shop with a big joiner plane under his arm.

"Now take what this gentleman has here," said the salesman. "That thing's a plane. But the word means an ugly girl and a flat field too and then again it means."

"Ya," said Steddy, "and dere's chill plains."

Steddy was an avid Presbyterian, and when the United Church was formed he watched his church's membership disappearing with sad wrath. The United preacher bragged about it, using a figure of speech Steddy well

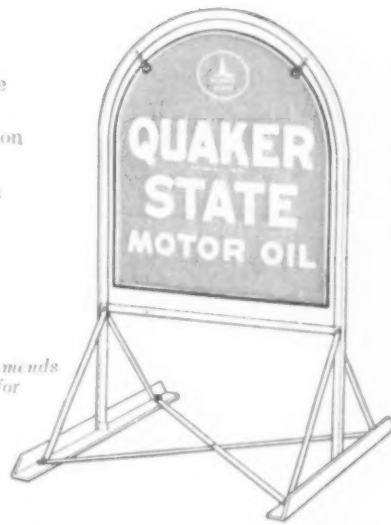


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understood. The new church, he said, had the very tenderloin of the Presbyterians.

"Well," said Steddy sadly, "I guess that leaves us the milk meat and the shin bone."

The old and the new are in conflict in Lunenburg and to date it is a draw. The long-trawl method of catching fish dates back to the days of sail. The vessels nested from eight to 12 two-man dories and launched them when they were over fish to cast out as much as two and a half miles of bated set line per dory. The splendid, stocky boot-stomping Lunenburg doryman was developed in the long trawl.

When power supplanted sail the style of fishing did not change. New vessels held closely to sailing hull lines, adding more beam and length to carry the increased weight of motor and fuel and give more fish-carrying capacity. Two thirds of the fleet today are these motorized dory vessels.

The remaining third is something different. They are beam trawlers, draggers. The dragger is a short, very heavy and powerful tug-boat type of hull with enough horsepower to drive a mine sweeper and dynamoed and electric motored and power-winch like a floating machine shop. She carries no dories. She catches her fish by dragging a great bag net then winches in and hoists aboard. She ships a small crew and they seldom leave the deck.

Lunenburg fought off the dragger for years. She threatened unemployment, cost a king's ransom and was a threat to the town's economy and to the fleet. The fleet is owned all over town by syndicates of shareholders. The barber who cuts your hair and the butcher and baker as well as the banker are apt to own a piece of vessel. Many of the sizeable fortunes in town can be tagged with the name of the great vessels who paid for themselves in a voyage and then went on to dump dividends on the wharf year after year, sometimes as high as 50 and 60%. But the cost of a dragger is so great no homespun syndicate can afford her. To date only the big corporations have been willing to make the ante and then only when urged on by government subsidy.

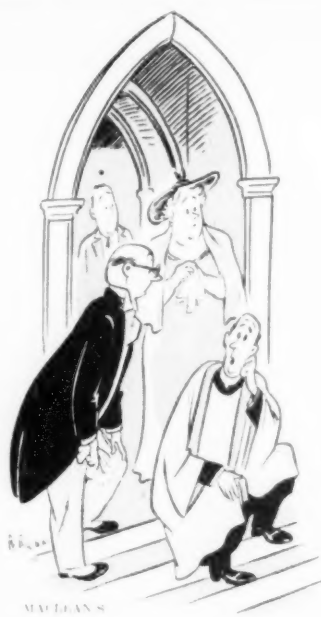
The struggle is closed. It is dorymen and the long trawl vs. the machine and the dragged net. The machine will win in the end, precedent and logic and progress decree. But Lunenburg is only 50% sure of that. If a depression should come, or the price of fish tumble who knows? The dory vessel may still be the answer.

Most of Lunenburg hopes she can survive. The dory is a sea perfection like a gull. God knows who invented her, but the sea and natural selection generation after generation perfected her. She reached her highest point in Lunenburg and when she does die she'll die there.

I was thinking about dories walking up Montague Street to see Douglas Adams, the mayor. Montague Street is the first step up from the water front. The big firms have offices there because it is a civilized street where a stenographer can come to work without running a gamut of water front wolf whistles and a car can drive up and park. But I had to trail the mayor down to the Adams & Knickle wharf before I found him.

The mayor looks like Edward when he was Prince of Wales. There is no reason why he shouldn't. After all Edward descended from Hanoverians too.

"Don't forget the Exhibition," the mayor warned, "and the new jail. And, oh yes, we've got an Earl Bailly picture in the Chamber of Commerce



MACLEAN'S

"Neither one of them showed up!"

now. We had an Early Bailly Day last year."

Bailly was more important than the Exhibition or the new jail. The Exhibition is the fisheries fair held every fall with the whole industry on display. And the new jail is positively deluxe, a penal palace that makes 30 days for vagrancy look, from without at least, like a privilege. But Bailly

Lunenburg may never have a poet but she has an artist. He is in his 40's now. When he was something less than 10, polio crippled him. He lives in a wheel chair, painting against a fixed easel with a brush held in his teeth. God permitted that they be excellent teeth set in a magnificent powerful head. No one has ever felt or painted the rugged Nova Scotia coast better than he. He has been doing it for years for tourist peanuts, but getting better every year.

His sunny studio was ablaze with the blues and greens and browns and greys of his and the Atlantic Ocean's trade, caught on his canvas. There was a fine one on the easel, a headland bursting a sea—the Atlantic Ocean itself, with all its power, hammering on the Nova Scotia shore.

#### The Bold Blazing Water Front

I never cease to marvel at Bailly. The seas he can only sit on the shore and watch and never really feel, the winds that can only whip at his cape, he knows better than those of us who go out into them.

"Oh, I'm going pretty good, Charlie," he said. "Pretty good. You know how it is. Some days you can't lay up a cent. But say, here's something for you. A couple of good voices in town. A pair of young girls this time. Mrs. Berty Oxner's daughter Diane. A nice soprano. And you know that big Lutheran preacher, Ball. The other one is his daughter Alice. A mezzo now but it will probably end up a nice bosomy contralto."

We talked how Lunenburg had always been musical. Maybe the high time was when the Lunenburg Opera Company took the "Chimes of Normandy" to Halifax in 1919. All Halifax put on its formal togs and came out to have a good chuckle at a company of cod-fishing Dutchmen from down the cove presumptuous enough to think

they could put on an opera. They ended up standing on their seats and cheering.

Bailly called to his mother, Willetta, to ask her if she remembered that night. She did with great pleasure. She came into the studio bringing in a smell of the fresh bread we were having for supper.

"This pirate," she said, calling Bailly by the name she has always had for him, "is too young to remember. But he'd have been among the ciders. And remained to pray along with those Halifaxers."

He grinned up at her. He would never have made it without her. It was she, looking down in despair at the little twisted baby frame fate had left her, who first shoved a pencil into his mouth and screamed, "Draw!"

There was a cloud-barr'd moon over the post office when I headed back for Bluenose Lodge and bed. But I forgot about bed and ended up a mile away on Kaulback Point for a sight of the town in the moonlight. You can see her all-of-a-piece from the high ground there as well as from a vessel's deck.

And she is all-of-a-piece. Bailly and I had been talking about that and we both felt the same way. He paints her and I write her as if she was split in two; the drab little town where nothing ever happens, the bold blazing water front teeming with life. But they are not two things. They are complements of each other, two parts of the same thing—a sea port.

#### She Like a Ship

Lunenburg was built and still lives in the mood of sail. Then the fishery was not only more dangerous than it is now but it carried practically every man in town away and kept him at sea from March until late fall and sometimes early winter with voyages to the West Indies. The men lived a life of color and adventure. The women, until the voyaging was done, a drab life of fear and waiting. The little grey town lived her life of fear and waiting too. That is why she is grey.

But along about Christmas, Lunenburg changes. The waterfront is the drab place then with the oxen in blanket and the vessels cold and shivery and the wharves ankle deep in salt slush. But the snow mantles the town. She is warm lights at night shining out of snug warm dwellings. Her winter air is merry and happy with frost on the shop windows and the women rosy-cheeked and hurrying to get home and start a good supper for hungry men.

"Do you," asked Bailly, "Call every town 'she'?"

"No," I said, "I'm not conscious of it."

"You frequently call Lunenburg that. 'She,' like a ship, eh?"

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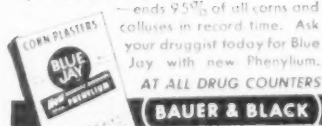
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## Our Fantastic Legacy from Mackenzie King

Continued from page 9

burned our garbage where the former owners did," they explained. "We didn't realize we were trespassing."

"Well, you should have," snapped King. "People around here seem to think they can turn this place into a regular Coney Island and I don't propose to permit it. I'm having a fence erected first thing tomorrow. I would have been over here yesterday helping to fight that fire only my physician has told me I cannot afford to take strenuous exercise."

King started back to his car, scowling, and the owner of Wit's End, a New York banker who had long cherished the memory of meeting him in New York on one of his wartime visits, was about to give voice to a revised opinion of him when his wife found her tongue.

"Apparently you resent us, Mr. King," she said. "If you wanted this land and cottage so badly why didn't you buy it when it was offered to you some years ago, before we purchased it?"

King stopped dead in his tracks, turned slowly about, and eyed the woman coldly.

"When it was offered to me," he said bitterly, "I was too busy looking after the affairs of this country to consider it. By the time I had an opportunity to do anything about it the place had been sold."

The shaft had struck home. The fact was that the former owner of the property, knowing that King was always interested in acquiring land in the area, had offered it to him at what he considered a fair price, and when King ignored the offer he had sold it to the next buyer at a lower figure. King had taken this as a personal affront. For once his procrastination had failed to pay off.

King put a fence up just as he had threatened. Workmen were on the job the next day but it was really the fear of fire rather than his dislike of "trespassers," that worried him. Actually he never objected to people crossing his property as long as they did no damage. The Pink Lake Trail of the Ottawa Ski Club traverses the entire length of the property, and King liked to see hikers using the woodland paths which he had cut through the forest. He didn't object to some of his neighbors using the well at The Farm. Once during a long dry spell almost everyone in the area was beating a path to King's pump.

"They can have all the water they want for drinking," he cautioned his housekeeper, "but they're not to take it for their gardens."

Of his four country dwellings King liked Moorside best. It was here that he erected his "ruins" which he occupied every summer until 1941 when he decided it was too damp. He moved to the winterized house at The Farm. After 1941 he only opened Moorside on the few times that his sister, Mrs. Morrison Lay of Barrie, Ont., came to visit.

### A Wing for Twenty Thousand

The Cottage lies along the south shore of Kingsmere Lake, just across the road from Moorside. King was sentimental about it, because it evoked so many memories of his early years. Here he and Henry Albert Harper, his associate in the Department of Labor and his dearest friend, bought a small lot around the turn of the century. When Harper lost his life in 1901,

attempting to save a young woman from drowning in the Ottawa River, King was grief-stricken and it was months before he found the heart to return there.

"Harper and I paid a visit to King's Mountain, fell in love with the place and decided to buy a piece of land and build a cottage," King told me once. Then he paused and smiled sheepishly. "I used to like to drive the stage," he went on. "Sometimes when there were no other passengers the old man who drove the stage would let me take the reins. We used to cover the four miles from the station in record time."

Shady Hill is sandwiched between Moorside and The Farm. King picked it up because it was offered for sale and because its acquisition gave further continuity to his roadside frontage. For years he rented it to his city neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Pattison.

King purchased The Farm from the Fleury family whose ancestors pioneered the land more than a century ago. He rebuilt the solid frame house and added a new twenty-thousand-dollar wing. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kelly, his gardener and housekeeper, have occupied the old part of the house for many years, while King occasionally used the new wing in winter. Since 1941 it had also been his summer home. It's the finest of all the buildings on the estate, and it will probably be set aside as a permanent summer home for Canadian prime ministers.

At Kingsmere King studiously put aside his role of statesman and prime

The acres he had his eye on were worth practically nothing to the farmer, but they contained a little stream and miniature waterfall which King had long coveted. The farmer agreed to the deal.

Another time King tried raising pigeons, but that didn't work out either. Chicken hawks found where they could pick up a tasty snack and soon the flock had disappeared.

Kingsmere lies alongside the twenty-four-thousand-acre Gatineau National Park and game from the protected area frequently come down into the settlement and "trespass." This was particularly the case with bears which often invaded King's orchard and sometimes overturned his beehives.

### "Almost an Obsession"

The fact that certain members of the Russian Embassy who had rented a cottage nearby thought it was great sport to feed the bears didn't help matters. Emboldened by this soft living the bears became more and more of a nuisance and a threat to the peace and security of the community.

Jack Lay, King's chauffeur for more than a decade, recalls one Sunday afternoon when, for the benefit of some of his staff, King chased a black bear out of one of his apple trees. Dressed in his Sunday best King swung his walking stick, occasionally glancing over his shoulder to see if his audience was enjoying the game.

"The nerve of you climbing my apple



"Never mind the gesundheit! Help me up!"

minister and became plain Mr. King, country squire. He rather fancied himself as an amateur farmer. He cultivated the friendship of district farmers and liked to buttonhole them and talk about the price of eggs, the condition of crops or what was the best spray for his apple trees.

"King had a lot of horse sense at that," one farmer told me. "He realized he knew next to nothing about farming and was ready to take advice from anyone who did."

Even so, he had his failures and disappointments at farming. Once he tried raising sheep, but they developed a disease and King had trouble saving them. Then he found that the cost of keeping them over the winter was more than he had bargained for. One day he dropped in on a neighboring farmer.

"You can probably do more with these sheep than I can," he said. "Tell me what I'll do. I'll let you have them for a few acres of your land."

trees — and on a Sunday afternoon at that!" lectured King with mock indignation. "I'll have you understand that I don't put up fences around here for nothing. I'll have the law on you, you rascal!"

The old bear dropped the fruit it had been gathering and slid down the tree. Then, with King in hot pursuit, it lumbered in the direction of the fence, pausing only to give an occasional roar of anguish as King, still clowning, whacked it over the rump, again and again, with his cane.

In 1946 another bear, or possibly the same one, did a thorough job of wrecking King's apiary. Fearing the bears were getting too bold and that some child might be injured or even carried off by one of them, King sent for his beekeeper, Harry Clegg, who resided in nearby Chelsea. Clegg set a trap and caught a bear.

It is possible that if Bennett hadn't defeated King in 1930, King's "ruins" would never have been built. But with



time on his hands he retired to Kingsmere. Soon he was building, not political fences, but his far more substantial and enduring "ruins."

King once told me he put up his first bit of wall as a windbreak so that he could sit on the hillside and read, protected from the prevailing winds. But soon the project became almost an obsession. During the next five years he rode his new hobby with unrelenting enthusiasm. Wherever he went he was on the lookout for suitable materials. When he learned that the Public Works Department had preserved some of the stone carvings from the old Parliament Buildings razed by fire in 1916 he got some of them and built them into his walls. Again, when he saw workmen demolishing the old Bank of British North America on Wellington Street to provide a site for the Confederation Building, he begged the stones which formed the magnificent doorway. An old Ottawa home was being torn down. King fell in love with a big bay window and had it carted up to Kingsmere. Visiting in London he obtained tons of sculptured stone from the Houses of Parliament which had suffered bomb damage and was being replaced.

Before long the "ruins" had taken on the appearance of some medieval castle. Crickets chirped on the hearth of a fireplace which had once warmed the posteriors of long dead and forgotten members of the British parliament, and field mice frolicked on rotting window sills, indifferent to the scowls of fearsome gargoyles.

King grew strangely attached to the main group of ruins which crowned a little hill behind Moorside. He made it the focal point of his morning and evening walks and he placed an ordinary park bench close by where he could sit and read or rest. In 1941, when his little Irish terrier, Pat I, died, ending a companionship of seventeen years, King buried him in the shadow of the walls.

There are other relics at Kingsmere: the little blacksmith shop, complete with forge, bellows, anvil and workbench, which King built perhaps to preserve for posterity a colorful detail of the Canadian scene; the two old oil-lamp standards which stand guard at the gates of Moorside and once cast their uncertain light outside King's birthplace in Kitchener; an old ship's bell which once sounded the watches on a Nova Scotia sailing vessel; a life-size pottery donkey from Spain; an old sundial from an English garden.

Many who studied King believe that the "ruins" provide the key to his admittedly complex and mystical nature.

What was in his mind when he built them? Was it merely a desire to create something of lasting beauty—to shape, as it were, a sort of living picture? Or was it simply his abhorrence of waste in any form which led him to salvage from threatened oblivion the handiwork of unnamed, unknown craftsmen? Was it perhaps an expression of his peculiarly sentimental attachment to the past, of his adherence to tradition and form, of his respect for ancestral effort and accomplishment?

Even his closest friends were puzzled.

"He lived a great deal in the past," one of them recently recalled. "He liked to think back upon his youth, to talk about his old friends, to dream about his brother, his father and mother. They were always with him."

Perhaps, somehow, King had discovered the secret of some sort of extra dimension. Perhaps those empty doorways which opened upon space and led to nowhere were for him, and him alone, the gateway to a very real and satisfying world. ★

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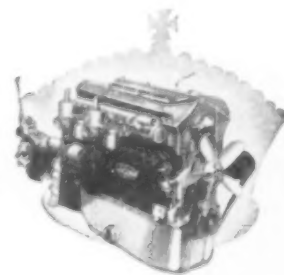
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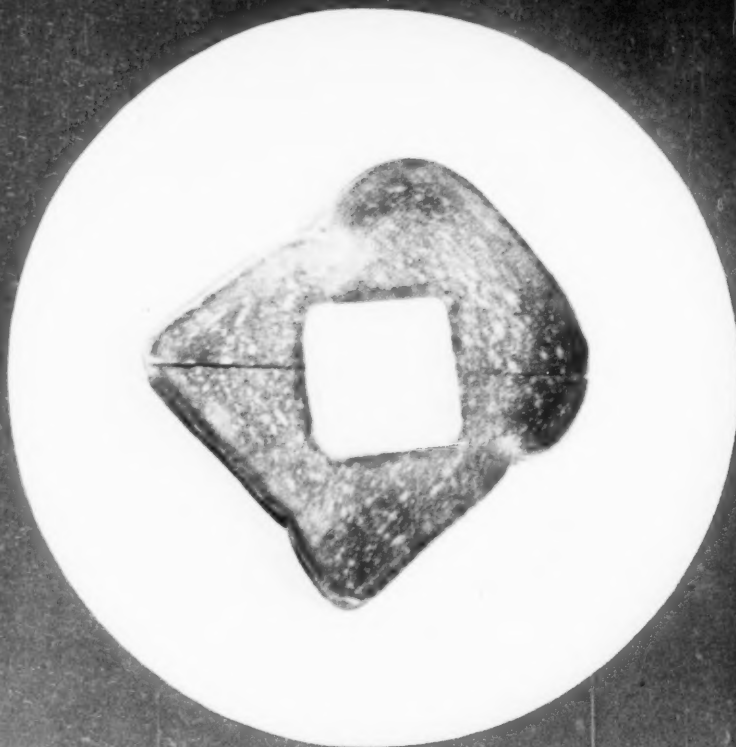
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## Did the Income Tax Kill Kaspar Beck?

*Continued from page 15*

he walked down the garden path with a rope in his hand. It began in Odessa, Russia, in 1909.

About that time Kaspar Beck emerged sullenly from a term of conscripted service in the Czarist armies, an obligation he regarded as an injustice.

He was born in 1884 near Odessa in a colony of German farmers who had been lured to Russia to pump European knowledge into primitive Asiatic agrarian practices. The Russian government of that day had promised the German settlers immunity from military service in return for their proper cultivation of the soil. But Moscow, even then, was notorious for breaking its word. Kaspar Beck, dragged to the barracks from his father's farm, soldiered angrily with the rough Slav and Mongol rankers he considered beneath him, and on his discharge determined to quit Russia forever.

He sailed for the United States with his young wife Katharina, heard land was cheaper in Canada, and in 1910 joined a German community digging in around Allan. He wasn't poor. He brought with him thirteen hundred dollars, a goodly sum for the times. On his father's death he was due for a share of the family estate in Odessa and the plan was that when the time came he would receive this in currency for reinvestment in Canadian land.

The Becks bought a half section, two horses and an ox. Together they built first a sod, then a frame homestead. They cleared the land of rocks. From dawn till dusk Katharina helped Kaspar load the stoneboat. She stopped working only for a few days when Roy, their first child, was born.

All through World War One they sweated on and Katharina paused in her toil to produce a child once every twelve months, as regularly as the shoots of wheat made springtime green. When Roy Beck was six years old they roped him onto the seat of the binder so he would not fall among the flails. He drove the team while his parents followed behind and did the stooking.

In 1918, when he was eight, and his parents were both in the grip of the flu epidemic, Roy Beck worked the two horses alone, hauling wheat in a seventy-five-bushel wagon. In the evenings he cooked for the whole family and put the toddlers to bed.

"That's how Dad always wanted things," says Roy today. "He didn't want any outsiders coming in to help."

By 1919 Kaspar Beck owned a whole section of land, paid for in cash, and Eva, Marcus, Rose, Tony, Caroline and Joseph had arrived in turn. In Russia his father died and Kaspar Beck needed his share of the Odessa holdings to buy more land to feed more mouths. But by then the Soviets had seized all property and not a ruble came Beck's way from the old country. Beck's neighbors nodded sympathetically when he stormed and raved about the inhumanity and thievery of governments. His antipathy to bureaucracy was already glowing like a hot coal inside him.

"A man buys land and rears children to work the land," he told a neighbor. "And when he dies the children share the land. That has been the law of ages. What right have governments to upset it?"

By slogging and pinching, by keeping his children away from school whenever he needed their help, Kaspar Beck added to his holdings, a quarter section at a time, during the Twenties. Martha,

Matthew, Anna, Regina, Frances and Teddy arrived to increase his food bills—and swell his labor force.

The Thirties came, bringing drought, depression, hunger, patched pants, scuffed boots, bums, panhandlers and duststorms over the shimmering rim of the parched prairies. But Kaspar Beck had his money in the earth, and he had the latest machines. He owed nothing to the bank. He had a team of willing hands who toiled for food, clothing, shelter and love alone, and to whom a stick of candy, an afternoon at the movies or a new toy were something you read about in magazines if you could read, and if you could pick up any old windblown magazines from the ditches.

Beck survived when others were ruined.

Several times he was fined for keeping the children away from school. But he always shrugged his shoulders and said: "It is cheaper than hiring a man." According to Roy Beck, the oldest son, few of the children got beyond Grade 5. Of himself Roy says: "I don't think I had one complete month's schooling in my life."

### "Divided We Fall"

Stoically, Katharina Beck, now sixty-one, knotted and bronzed to the texture of teak, still worked around the farms and without a murmur gave life to Katie, Pius, Helen and Jackie. When Jackie, now seventeen, was born, Katharina Beck was forty-four, Jackie was her seventeenth and last. She never lost one.

During recent years Kaspar Beck extended his holdings to six and a quarter sections in the adjacent municipalities of Colonsay, Blucher and Lost River. On every section there were homesteads and farm buildings. Four of his eight sons and five of his nine daughters married and reared twenty-six grandchildren. Every member of the clan worked on the farms. As they saw old Kaspar prospering few of the sons thought of mutiny. The truth of his favorite saying, "United we stand, divided we fall," was patent to them.

They had the latest agricultural machinery. Kaspar Beck ran a fleet of six late-model cars, including a Buick, two La Salles and a Chrysler. With these the family maintained close communication. Last year he had two thousand acres under crop. Yet he was so keen on extending still farther that in the winter he sent his younger single daughters to work in Saskatoon as domestics and ordered them to bring home their earnings to the family pool.

John Weninger, who keeps an implement shop in Allan, says: "Some people called him a land hog, said he was greedy and selfish. But everybody had a sort of secret respect for him."

Roy Weninger, John's brother, who is secretary of the Rural Municipality of Allan, says: "Kaspar Beck never owed a penny that was due, except perhaps income tax. He never took any relief during the depression and wouldn't allow his children to take family allowances. The only time he borrowed any money was in 1937 when things were very bad. He got a rural loan of two hundred and thirty-five dollars for seed grain. He paid it back, plus seventy-seven dollars interest. Later half the interest was refunded."

The more Kaspar Beck flourished the more independent he became in his manner, the tighter he knitted his growing flock and the more devices he found for economy.

He bought groceries in bulk for the entire family. Every member of the family, even his daughters and sons-in-law, were instructed to get their clothing on Kaspar Beck's account at



## Early Blurred

A bright-and-early riser  
Is what I'm never quite,  
For when I get up early  
I fail to get up bright.

— C. P. Clark

Lehrer's Limited, a solid old-fashioned department store on the industrial side of the tracks in Saskatoon.

"We could get anything we liked in reason," says Roy, the oldest son, "provided we told him. If we didn't tell him he got real mad." On the day of his death Kaspar Beck owed Lehrer's about eighteen hundred dollars for recent purchases of clothes. These included everything from overalls for the men to brassieres for the women and diapers for the infants. But Lehrer's weren't worried. They were used to Beck accounts of this size and never had difficulty collecting.

The Beck family was considered the best dressed in the Allan district.

Nor was Beck stingy. He would take his offspring, sometimes ten to twenty of them, into Chinese Joe Yee's Victoria Café in Saskatoon, tell them to order what they liked, and when they'd all eaten as heartily as sturdy farm folk can he paid the bill for the lot. Joe Yee says: "Sometimes they'd fill four or five booths. When he died I lost my best customer."

"He believed it was his duty to hold onto the purse strings," says Roy. "Of course the older ones who were married needed a little ready cash. So he used to allow us a fraction of the grain crop. Just enough to get by on. But he never paid us wages. He said everything would be ours some day. We never went against him."

When Roy got married Kaspar Beck gave him one quarter section of land — a privilege to the oldest son. But he never repeated this for the younger children. He once told Roy: "If I give them a quarter section now they'll borrow money to buy another quarter section. Then they'll be in the hands of the banks."

## First a Car Was Seized

As time went on Kaspar Beck got off the farms himself and did all the administrative work in the house at Allan. The home is so clean it dazzles. It is filled with knickknacks, little gifts of the children to their parents. On one wall there is a pair of faded water-colored photos of Kaspar in Russian uniform and his young bride Katharina. The family is Roman Catholic and in a corner of the living room there is a little shrine consisting of a crucifix surrounded by wedding photos of the married children. The kitchen equipment is first class.

Although before the war few Saskatchewan farmers paid income tax, owing to depression, Kaspar Beck's failure to make returns during the later affluent years aroused the National Revenue Department's suspicions.

The legal machine began to clunk.

First indication of Beck's trouble came on Jan. 31, 1947, when he was fined one hundred dollars in court for failing to file a return for 1945. He continued to ignore this obligation in spite of patient, repeated requests from income-tax officials. They knew he could not understand English but they wondered why he didn't employ an accountant to fill his forms. They figured he owed more than twenty thousand dollars.

To prove the law was in no mood for tripping, Sheriff Basil P. Boyce drove out to Kaspar Beck's home early in 1948 and on instructions of the Department of National Revenue seized a car worth \$1,500 which he at once sold for \$628. Helen Beck, a younger daughter, says: "Dad was speechless!"

About this time Beck fell under the influence of a man named Roger Smith who toured the district haranguing farmers with the notion that Canada was never properly constituted under the British North America Act and therefore had no legal authority to impose federal taxes. Beck joined Smith's anti income-tax league. Roy Beck says with some awe: "It cost him twenty dollars!"

Whether Kaspar Beck continued to support Roger Smith's precepts out of expediency or sincerity is debatable. It is certain, however, that the sum of \$28,623, finally demanded of him by the Revenue Department, staggered him.

Beck arguments were always obscure, especially when translated by one of his children who had never passed Grade 5, but he did manage to get across the point that the figure was reached without taking into consideration exemptions from his taxable income which would have been allowable if he had paid his family wages and charged operating expenses. He even worked out an estimate of \$51,000 in wages and \$36,000 operating expenses for the years 1941-1946 in dispute.

The officials in Saskatoon replied something like this: "Quite! But you didn't pay your children any wages. You haven't listed in the proper way any expenses. You haven't even filed a return. The whole business is in your hands. If you don't claim exemptions what can we do but charge you with the full amount?"

When confronted with such rational arguments Kaspar Beck, according to one lawyer, "sometimes looked as though he had been hit with a rubber hammer." At other times a suspicious glint came into his eyes. It seemed to affront him that men sitting at desks far away from the dust and sweat of his farms should know so much about his personal affairs.

"I think he had the idea," says a friend, "that the income-tax officials were a bunch of sharpies who were wanting his money for themselves."

Beck tried half-a-dozen different lawyers. He dropped them because he distrusted them or else they dropped him in despair.

Last year the Department of National Revenue informed Beck that unless he acknowledged a debt to them his lands would be seized and auctioned. The Saskatoon Star-Phoenix said at the time: "The income-tax department bent over backwards to get a settlement."

The Department said that if Beck would deposit a bond of \$10,000 to show faith of his intention to pay when he understood the significance of the debt no action would be taken. But Beck refused.

They suggested he hand over the land to his children so that taxes due could be paid by them. But Beck said the land would go to his children only on his death. That was how they had done things in the old country and that was how he was going to do them here.

They asked Beck to take a mortgage on one section of land to raise cash for settlement. But Beck backed out of this hurriedly. Reginald Taylor of the Saskatoon Star-Phoenix who worked on the story says: "He didn't know what it was all about. He would clutch the title deeds of the land to his chest and with tears in his eyes say he would



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never give them up. He believed that as long as he held the deeds nobody could touch his land."

Kaspar Beck's case went right up to Ottawa, to the Minister of National Revenue himself — Dr. James McCann. On Sept. 26, 1950, McCann wrote to Saskatoon saying his department had gone as far as possible in consideration of Beck's case and that unless he was willing to show faith of intention to settle by depositing a bond the sale of his property would be held.

The sale was scheduled for Oct. 24 last year. A number of people prepared to snap up a bargain. One man in Saskatoon borrowed between \$6,000 and \$7,000 cash in readiness to bid. The auction was advertised in the Saskatoon Star-Phoenix. The whole city was talking about it. Kaspar Beck blinked in the flash of photographers' bulbs and the clouds of mystification and fear grew deeper in his eyes.

Pointing to his forehead, he told reporters through his children: "If they sell the land now and take it away from the children they might as well put a bullet through here." Whereupon he showed his appreciation of the principle of *some* taxes by paying municipal dues in townships where his lands were situated. This was not consistent with the actions of a man who believed their loss inevitable.

The Star-Phoenix carried a story pointing out that the fifty-four members of the Beck clan would be thrown from the estates they had worked years to build if the sale went on. This brought angry letters from some readers. Old racial sores were irritated.

There were references to "English-speaking citizens who pay their taxes" and veterans whose income tax cases would never receive "personal consideration of a minister."

There was much comment on the fact that Beck had only one son in the services.

Meanwhile Beck had found a champion in Emmett Hall, K.C., a brilliant pleader who has won renown in Saskatchewan for what he himself describes as "taking up many lost causes." He was the first lawyer Beck had fully trusted and Beck gave him power of attorney. Hall took the view that while the Revenue Department had a legal right to some income tax the amount demanded was extortionate.

Says Hall: "The Government had a right only to the tax that was properly payable if returns had been made. Beck was being asked as an individual to pay tax for the combined incomes of himself and all the children who worked the land. The Government is entitled only to its lawful dues and if Beck failed to file a return and claim the allowable exemptions this did not alter the proportion of those proper dues. Morally he owed only the amount that would have been payable if he had been granted his just exemptions. The Government stand was based solely on the fact that he did not pay his sons wages in the formal sense and did not claim expenses. On these grounds they claimed tax on the gross income. The decision was precipitate."

Sheriff Basil P. Boyce seized the land, and on Oct. 24, 1950, stood in the Saskatoon Court House before a crowd of about a hundred people and prepared to sell it. He had taken six sections and was offering it in twenty-four quarter-section lots. Before opening the sale he referred to the obstinacy of Beck whom, he said, had been given a chance the previous evening of turning over the land to his sons and allowing each to assume responsibility for the taxes assessed against the respective quarters he was allotted.

(This was true. Beck had momen-

tarily seemed ready to turn over the land to his sons. W. A. Gilchrist, K.C., representing the Department of National Revenue, had worked till midnight with two secretaries preparing the transfer documents. But as he was about to sign in Saskatoon Kaspar Beck suddenly flung out of the room and rushed into the street. Five or six of his sons were up all night scouring the city for him. They found him wandering at dawn, seemingly in a daze.

Sheriff Boyce announced that he was holding the sale with "a clear conscience."

### Then Katharina Swooned

Bidding opened tardily. The first quarter section for which Beck had paid \$2,500 was knocked down for \$100. The sheriff informed the crowd the sale was not a joke but held to realize \$28,623 that Beck owed in back taxes, plus interest and costs. He asked for genuine bids and said the sale would cease as soon as enough land had been sold to liquidate the debt. One quarter for which Beck paid \$5,000 went for \$1,100. A whole section that cost Beck \$14,080 sold for \$8,321. Beck paid \$3,000 for a quarter that went for \$200. So the sale went on with most of the land going ridiculously cheap.

One or two neighbors of Beck's bought what they could afford at fair prices. But a group of speculators, refraining from bidding against each other, purchased other lots for a song. Among the purchasers was the man who had borrowed between \$6,000 and \$7,000 in anticipation of the sale.

During the auction Kaspar Beck shouldered his way through the crowd, followed by his wife and a large group of his children. Twice, with shaking hands and tear-stained face, he tried to read a statement in German. Boyce warned him that if he continued to interrupt he would be removed by the

police. Old Katharina Beck swooned and had to be helped out of the room by one of her daughters.

To his consternation, Sheriff Boyce found the land slipping away without realizing anything like the debt. Finally he had to sell the last quarter — almost every inch of Kaspar Beck's holdings. Even then the total raised was only \$21,850, more than \$6,000 short of what the revenue men asked.

Beck thought he was suddenly penniless and his family homeless. But it was explained to him that before the purchasers could get title to the land the sale had to be confirmed by the courts. "Confirmed by the courts?" he asked wearily. "What does that mean?" According to his son Roy he was so shattered it would have been hopeless to try to explain.

A week or so later the Saskatchewan Mediation Board, appointed by the province to settle legal disputes with the least hardship to both sides, met with the object of persuading purchasers to waive their rights to the land so that Emmett Hall, now endowed with power of attorney, could reach an equitable settlement with the Department of National Revenue on behalf of Beck, and thus retain the lands for the family.

Only three of the buyers were present to waive their rights. These were three farmers, L. A. Senger of Bradwell, J. A. Ussleman of Allan and B. C. Starks of Colonsay. The chairman of the board, H. W. Warren, congratulated them on their public spirit. A number of other buyers, described as speculators, insisted on sticking to their bargains.

Emmett Hall said the sale should have been stopped when it was realized the bidders were not offering fair prices.

Nodding his head, H. W. Warren, chairman of the board, said: "I am not making a plea for Beck. He did the wrong thing. I am thinking of the family who will have to quit the land they have worked so hard to acquire."

### JASPER

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S

"Sit down, son, it's much too hot to be running about."



I saw that Beck was set in his ways and he was convinced that he was right in refusing to pay the tax. I never saw a better family (than his) and I couldn't help thinking what it would cost Canada to immigrate from Europe seventeen people who could take their places. They spent most of their lives doing what their father told them—something that's not too common a practice these days."

Warren added that the board would do everything in its power to see that those who had bought land for a quarter its worth and had refused to waive their rights of purchase did not get title.

The money paid for Beck's lands was lodged in official care until the decision of the court on confirmation of the sale could be known. Meanwhile the man who had borrowed between \$6,000 and \$7,000 was paying interest on it.

### An Ace Up His Sleeve

Emmett Hall prepared his brief for Beck. It seemed to the average lawyer that W. A. Gilchrist, K.C., of Saskatoon, counsel for the revenue authorities, had an open-and-shut case. By persistently refusing to reach a settlement Beck seemed to have damned his chances. Beck stayed at home brooding as, in Saskatoon, the legal machinery clanked on and the advocates debated the possible disposition of his land.

Some of his sons tried to persuade him to settle but he silenced them with a word. In any case it was too late. The purchasers had a right to legal decision now. Roy Beck made five journeys to Regina where he heard there was a German-speaking lawyer who might be able to clear up the situation in the old man's mind. But nobody could do anything except Emmett Hall. And Hall had an ace up his sleeve.

Last April 11, nearly six months after the sale, applications for its confirmation opened before Judge V. R. Smith in the Saskatoon District Court. W. A. Gilchrist, for the revenue authorities, submitted that the amount raised was "exceptionally good" for a sheriff's auction and asked the judge to ratify the purchases and settle the business once and for all.

Then Emmett Hall spoke up. He described the sale as "a farce under the law." He produced his ace. According to law, he said, the sale should have been advertised in the newspaper nearest to the site of the property.

This meant the advertisement should have appeared in a small weekly called *The Viscount Sun*. In fact, the advertisement was carried only by the daily *Saskatoon Star-Phoenix*.

Gilchrist leaped up to state that the *Viscount Sun* had a circulation of only thirty-nine copies in the towns nearest the Beck lands, while the *Saskatoon Star-Phoenix* had a circulation in the same area of two hundred and twenty-eight. In Allan proper the *Star-Phoenix* sold fifty-three copies and the *Viscount Sun* only one. Therefore, he submitted, he had better fulfilled the purpose of the law in choosing the *Star-Phoenix*, because it brought the sale to the attention of more people.

But, Hall argued, the law still said that the advertisement must be published in the paper nearest to the lands to be sold. The nearest paper was the *Viscount Sun*. The revenue authorities had not complied with the law. Therefore, was the sale illegal?

Judge Smith accepted Hall's plea and ruled the sale invalid. Hall had found a loophole, and for the first time the law was on old Kaspar Beck's side. The decision created a sensation. The Beck children were delighted, for their

father still held his land. The man who borrowed between \$6,000 and \$7,000 was still paying interest, and would continue to do so as long as the case was in dispute and his money was held.

It remained to be seen now whether the revenue authorities would appeal Judge Smith's decision and take the case to a higher court, or whether they would allow the money raised at the sale to be returned to the land purchasers and negotiate a new settlement with Beck through Emmett Hall.

Kaspar Beck remained at his home in Allan, staring out over his wheat fields, the long strange litigious words ringing meaninglessly in his ears, and fearing the next scene in the drama.

Less than a month after his victory in the courts it was last May 3—Kaspar and Katharina Beck were sitting in the front room looking out over their disputed wheat fields when two well-dressed men came up the garden path.

Beck sprang to his feet, his eyes blazing. "It's the income-tax men again," he said. "They'll never leave me alone." He rushed down and hid in the cellar.

Mrs. Beck admitted the men and discovered through one of her children they were representatives of an oil company touring farms in the district to secure drilling rights on the land. The terms of their agreements were well known to most farmers and considered very generous.

Katharina Beck went to the cellar to get her husband. She found him covered with blood. He had tried to kill himself by striking himself on the head with an axe. Exactly what transpired is obscure, for Mrs. Beck is hazy about the details. But her husband washed his head, came upstairs, told the visitors he had fallen on the coal pile and hurt himself, then began listening to their approaches.

Finally he signed a number of documents, giving drilling rights on his land. Roy Beck says that so far as he knows the old man did this without a murmur.

But no sooner had the men gone than he started to rant and rave. "I have signed away my lands!" he cried. "They have tricked me out of my lands at last!"

Mrs. Beck tried to calm him. Roy Beck said his father kept saying: "Send the kids to school. Send all the kids to school. Times have changed."


Next morning Mrs. Beck found him swinging from a rafter in the garage.

The newspapers were not very interested. The *Toronto Star* dismissed Kaspar Beck in four inches of type under the heading, "Tax-Battling Dad Of Seventeen Dies At End Of Rope."

From Ottawa came news the Department of National Revenue would not appeal Judge Smith's decision but would make a new agreement about payment of the debt with Kaspar Beck's family. Emmett Hall said the lands would probably now be divided one third to the widow and two thirds to the children, under the law governing intestate deaths.


W. A. Gilchrist, K.C., said if Beck had not died the lands would undoubtedly have been sold. Judge Smith's decision would have been appealed and the technicality of the advertising issue overruled. "I would have taken it to the Supreme Court with confidence," he said.

Roy Beck, now the new patriarch of the clan, told this writer: "My dad had some fine ideas and we all believed in them. Some of them were a bit out of date but most of them suited me. I'll try to carry on as he did and keep the family working together. But I won't go bucking the law." ★



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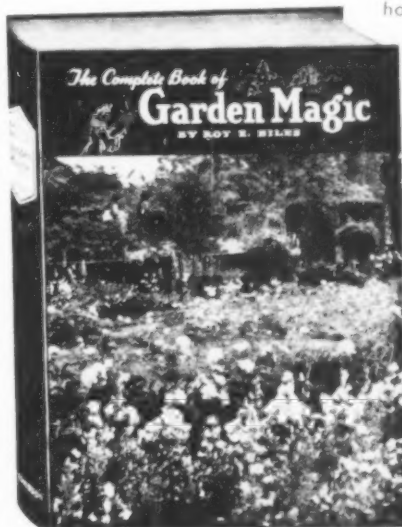
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## Cardboard Soldier

Continued from page 13

glance you found a certain dignity in his bearing and in the thin features topped by the grey flecked hair. When you looked more closely, however, the marks of defeat were unmistakable: there was the slight tremble on his lip, the uneasy little smile, and worst of all the betrayal of self-knowledge to be found deep in his eyes.

For Venner there had been thirty years of failure. Thirty years of walk-

ing up and down streets searching for jobs. Thirty years of holding this ache inside himself, and every now and then the doctors at the Veterans' Hospital snipping and cutting a part of the snip away. "Why don't you stay here?" the doctors would ask. "You've done your share." But when they let him out, he went back to the streets again and, for a while at least, he would be a bookkeeper. He was a bookkeeper when his daughter Judy was born, and when his wife died.

He drove himself to hold a succession of jobs until, each time, the ache con-

quered him, sapping his manhood and his capability. So it was that after thirty years he stood here today—with forty-two cents in his pocket, asking for a job.

One time he had been successful. Once he had commanded a company of infantry. But when he went out each morning to find the food that his daughter must eat that day, when the ache marched with him, he remembered that period of command only with a dull kind of wonder.

And each day of the thirty years his failure became a little more certain,

and that look deep in his eyes became itself more certain.

You don't find this look in the eyes of men living in the hospitals, and the missions, and the soup kitchens. In those eyes you will more often find a kind of blank placidity. That is the look of men who have accepted defeat. But Venner had never accepted defeat. Because, you see, there was always his daughter Judy who needed his help. And perhaps that was why now you could still find a certain dignity in the man.

As he stood before the desk the sunlight filtered through the window and played warmly over his face. There was even a blue sparkle in those faded eyes. Now his voice came out proud and assured, with the tone of a man who must boast of his good fortune.

"My girl! my daughter Judy—she's up at the College, you know."

"That so?"

"Yes. In her second year now taking the teacher's course."

The big man shuffled his papers but said nothing. He knew these symptoms. After a battle he had heard men talk endlessly just to demonstrate their joy in surviving.

"As a matter of fact," Venner was saying, "I know all about this Carnival Week End. My Judy is going."

"Well. That's fine, Major."

"I don't mind telling you that I need this money for her."

A slow reflective smile stayed on Venner's lips. The thought of Judy always warmed him inside, and could even dull the edges of his ache at times. His pride flowed richly through his veins. Judy lived at the College and she earned her own way, every last penny. There was that part-time job every night. She was really doing too much, he often told her, and occasionally he would manage to force a small present on her. And then when they met she would make him feel like the millionaire father of a debutante.

His face grew serious, and after a moment again, he spoke, almost with a religious fervor. "You see, her young man is taking her to the Prom this week end, and she won't be able to work at her part-time job—and, well, she needs my help."

"Yeah. Sure." The papers rustled once more for attention.

"You know why I need the money today?" Venner asked happily. "That seven-fifty will almost make up for the money she would have earned. In a way, you see, I'll be giving her this week end . . ."

Venner paused. At last he was aware of the big man fidgeting at his desk. A flush touched his cheeks and his Adam's apple bobbed hesitantly. "Anyway," he said quickly, "Thanks a lot. I'll go up to the College right now."

**HIS STEP** was still jaunty when he walked into the Students' Union. He looked around the oak-paneled room, and studied the array of class pictures with lively interest. A sense of aliveness quickened in him: this was Judy's world, that unknown country into which he had never before dared to venture.

A young man with cropped hair appeared at the counter before him.

"Yes, Sir—what can I do?"

"Venner's my name." Then he added, still smiling, "The Employment Office sent me."

"The Employment Office? Oh."

The young man's eyes widened and he looked at Venner more closely. After a moment his embarrassed glance dropped. "Look, Mr. Venner," he said slowly, "I'm afraid there's been a mistake about this."

There was the faintest tremble on Venner's lip. His voice came out



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carefully controlled. "Look," he said, "they sent me for a job." For a moment his tongue flickered nervously across his lower lip.

"Come on in, Pop! Let's have a look at you."

Venner turned at the shrill command of this new voice. Then a short young man, almost a schoolboy, with a head far too big for his body, darted out at him, seized his arm, and propelled him quickly through the counter gate.

"Well," this youth declared, not stopping to draw breath. "You certainly don't look the part." Disappointment chirped in every note of his tiny, birdlike voice. He stood back, his immense head cocked on one side, and his round little eyes searched Venner from head to foot.

The other boy's voice ended the silence. "Listen, Winthrop, I just told Mr. Venner that we made a mistake."

"Yes and I think you're right." The boy called Winthrop stood first on one foot and then on the other. "You see, Pop, what we want is a man to wear those boards there." A fluttering hand indicated a sandwich board leaning against the wall. There was some vivid lettering printed on both sides.

Venner did not yet understand. His muscles tightened while his mind tried to order control over his features. Bewildered, he looked toward Winthrop, and just for that instant the boy saw full into his eyes. Then Winthrop tittered nervously.

"Maybe you could do it at that, Pop," he said with a darting rush of enthusiasm. "How's about it for seven-and-a-half fish?"

Venner looked at the sandwich-board again. Then he half turned and his shoulders nudged him forward. The ache re-formed itself inside him. "No," he began, "I'll go now." But his hand brushed against the pocket of his trench coat, against his forty-two cents, and he hesitated.

The other boy spoke quickly. "It's only a publicity stunt, Mr. Venner. We wanted someone to wear this board around the campus today. It's advertising for the Prom tomorrow night."

Venner's hand still rubbed against the side of his trench coat. His face formed a white triangle of concentration. Well he thought, this is no different from all the other times. Why did I expect anything else? And why blame these kids?

He took another step away from the counter. The worst part was that he had pledged himself to give this money to Judy, to present her with this week end as his gift. And there was no other possible way to earn the money in the time that was left. Then with a surge of conviction he knew that he could do this thing, since he had to. There was only the one danger.

He turned back and his voice singled out the first young man. He spoke in a flat and even tone. "Could you tell me one thing?" he asked. "Where would a girl in second year of the teacher's course be today?"

The young man showed no surprise. He walked to a desk and thumbed through the pages of a catalogue. "That's easy," he said after a moment, "the whole class is downtown today on case work."

Venner's head nodded again. This confirmed what he knew of her plans. And this week end for Judy had now become the most important thing in the world.

He looked at a spot on the floor squarely between the two young men. The sun still poured through the windows but he was cold. "All right," he said, "I'll take it."

"That's the stuff, Pop!" The boy called Winthrop was hopping up and

down with excitement. The other young man stepped out of the way carefully not looking at either of them.

Venner watched this pantomime patiently. He had made his choice, and he knew now what was expected of him.

Then Winthrop was tugging at his sleeve. "Come on, Pop! Let's try this on for size." The boy was fumbling with the heavy sandwich board and at last he had it out in the centre of the room.

The other young man turned his back and crossed the room, where he was busy looking out the window.

VENNER stood alone at the foot of the Dudley Monument, the sandwich-board hanging tightly from his shoulders.

The board on his front announced in bold capitals: "I'M AN ATOM BOMB AT THE DUDLEY PROM!" At one side was a picture of a man being tossed skywards by a red explosion. On the back a boy and girl danced together. The legend on this side proclaimed: "GRAB YOUR GIRL FOR THE WEEK END WHIRL."

The walk to the monument had been a shadowy, unreal progression, with Winthrop hobbling and laughing beside him. They must have met hundreds of students along the way, but Venner carefully looked everywhere except into their faces. With the same tight control he had now managed to exclude them from his thoughts.

The Dudley Monument, which honored the founder of the university, stood in the centre of a huge tree-lined square. This was the geometrical centre of the campus. Along each side of the square, beyond the trees, were the red-brick buildings of the various colleges. A series of cement walks started at the entrance of each building and converged precisely at this point. The monument itself, a tapering column of stone, pushed high above the campus, reaching toward the blue sky and the hot sun.

Winthrop's instructions had been explicit. Venner was to patrol the length of each walk in turn, and return and circle the monument. And at twelve o'clock exactly he was to enter the largest red-brick building, the College of Arts, and "expose" himself in the large rotunda. That was the time, Winthrop explained, when practically every student in the university would be going or coming from a class.

The straps of the boards pressed tight against Venner's shoulders, and his hands moved up to ease the strain. The motion was akin to the gesture of a soldier testing the feel of his equipment. The sunbeams now raised a light prickle of sweat all over his body.

Venner now took the first pace forward. For a moment he paused surprised when the clapper of the hand-bell in his trench coat pocket struck a hollow note. But he remembered then: Winthrop had thrust this bell at him, saying that he was to ring it as an additional means of attracting attention. But he let the bell hang there, loosely in his pocket. Then he advanced forward with a slow, measured pace.

The publicity committee of the Carnival Week End, under Winthrop's inspired leadership, believed it had scored a smash hit this time. The student body had become bored with the usual means used to engage their attention. The sound trucks blating out their needless messages, the flamboyant banners, the leg-girls from the College Revue—all these were old stuff.

Here was something entirely new and unanticipated.

To begin with, this strange creature plodding along the familiar paths of



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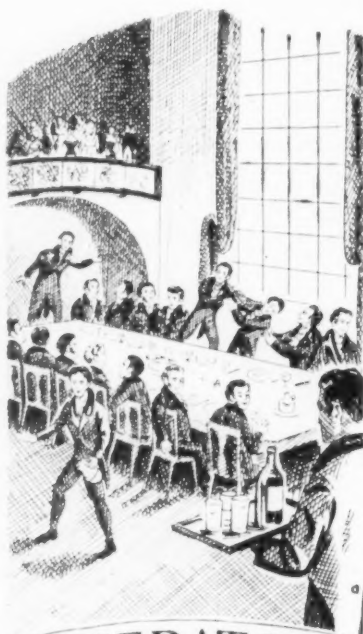
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their campus was an alien figure, set down here from some foreign world. They had never seen an old man earning his living this way—not at Dudley University. The brown fedora and the trench coat were themselves grotesquely wrong in this sun-drenched place.

The advertising slogans on the boards held no significance for the students. From the start it was clear that it was the man, and not the message he carried that drew their attention.

No one was indifferent in the face of this spectacle. Each person responded according to the chemistry and composition of his own particular self.

White faces mounted on each side of Venner, like waves before the cleaving bow of a ship. As they saw him a change of expression flashed across each face with the speed of electrical contact. Some of these faces settled into grins, or ill-concealed snickers, but on most there was the tight, puzzled look of youth confronted with something uncomprehended, beyond the limit of experience.

And on a few of these faces there was an instantaneous flush of shame and compassion.

But Venner walked on as though unaware of the commotion he created. He covered his route like a soldier on sentry duty. His eyes looked only to the front, and he held his step to a steady beat of 120 paces to the minute. Thus he carried out his assignment.

But, in spite of all his control, he could not ignore the encircling audience. But one vital, sustaining thought marched with him. At least Judy, Judy and her young man, were not among those faces and would not see him as he was today.

He found that his pace was slowing. The steady beat faltering. The ache was a throbbing burden inside him, and his feet were intolerably heavy. But at that moment a girlish voice floated to him across the path. "I think that old man's sick!" he heard. Then his chin pointed up and his legs moved him on.

At twelve o'clock Dean Sandwell, of the College of Arts, began to consider the subject and sequence of his lunch. The carnival spirit of this week end had already gripped him. Only this morning he had agreed to cancel all downtown case work so that no students would be forced to leave the campus.

Dean Sandwell moved briskly through the marble halls of his college, flashing his best smile at the familiar faces which greeted him.

Then at the top of the broad flight of steps forming the entrance to the building his quick step broke. He halted abruptly on the top step.

Below him, looking squarely into his eyes, was an apparition. It was an old man in a trench coat, wearing some kind of board across his front. For a full two seconds they looked into one another's eyes. These seconds were extended into a long, aching study of comprehension. The Dean could not look away. In those faded blue eyes he was seeing the depths of failure and despair.

His walk to the Faculty Club was slow and halting. There was no smile on his face, no spring in his step. He realized at once that Winthrop, that bumbling, fatuous bullfinch, Winthrop, had caused this thing, and he could certainly teach Winthrop a lesson. And yet, what was there a man could do? Somehow he felt physically shortened, as though in this encounter he had lost stature as a man. His years walked with him.

And now Venner moved slowly up the steps. There was a time, once in the long ago when he had commanded

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ON SALE JULY 27

men, that he had led the way into enemy country with the same cautious step.

The lack of food, the hollow ache, and the mounting tension, all combined to make him lightheaded. He held on to one governing idea. He must carry out his duties as ordered, and hand the money to Judy. He would not allow his thoughts to go beyond that point.

Cut off from the sunlight, his eyes began to water anew as he stood blinking in the vast marble rotunda. He hardly heard the clamor of young voices or saw the flashing of young eyes, drawn irresistibly to him from every corner of the rotunda. At last he moved forward, beyond some marble pillars, and he came to a halt in front of a bulletin board. If it were not for the trench coat, the fedora, and the boards which he wore, he might have been just another man reading a bulletin board.

But Winthrop had said "expose" himself. So now he turned and began to edge slowly around the perimeter of the huge rotunda, past the classroom doors. Then the shuffling stopped, and he settled down to the same steady pace again. He still kept his mind a resolute blank.

By now Venner was sweating freely and his throat felt parched. Then at one end of the rotunda he found a drinking-fountain, set in an alcove of the wall behind two marble pillars.

He let the water play over his lips greedily. With a sigh he straightened and looked directly into a mirror. For several seconds the image was meaningless. He saw with surprise the picture of the old man in the trench coat with the boards hanging from him, and in the background the semi-circle of mirthful, puzzled and pitiful faces. He had forgotten the message he carried, and now his lips moved silently as he read the words: "I'M AN ATOM BOMB AT THE DUDLEY PROM!"

At this moment the brutal immensity of his degradation seized hold of him. He turned slowly and for the first time he began to look at the faces which surrounded him.

Each face was youth, youth with life still to be lived. These were the faces of hope, for whom all things were possible.

But the old man standing among them was failure. Indeed, he was the epitome of failure, self-proclaimed and self-advertised. So utter a failure that he had to prove himself a success as a sandwich man . . . All his thirty years of futility came crowding around him, to be suffered like a new kind of sickness.

Two bright spots of color showed in his cheeks, his lips tightened, and a noise of animal pain grated through his teeth. All at once the semi-circle of watchers retreated before him. Where there had been smiles on those young faces the grins wavered or stopped altogether.

All right then. His failure was absolute. This simply made it final. There would be no more grubbing for odd jobs, no more scraping for the weekly rent. There were places for the defeated, for those at least who

accepted defeat. There were the missions and the soup kitchens. There was even that bed in the Veterans' Hospital. He realized at once that now he must go away.

He must say good-by to Judy. For a moment he considered the matter and then he knew with final clarity how threadbare the pretence between them really was. The only thing he could do for her, and for her young man too, was to get out of their way. This was the end.

A tight little smile grew at the corners of his mouth. Well he would end things with a flourish. He would earn his seven dollars and fifty cents.

He strode firmly out into the centre of the marble rotunda, the students stumbling and scattering before him as he advanced. He set his feet wide apart and faced the two doors leading into the main classroom.

Venner's hand went into his trench coat pocket, and then the hand-bell appeared with a swing over his head. As the doors opened, and the first students came pouring through, steel peals of sound clashed and clanged around the marble walls of the rotunda.

For this moment Venner was in command. For this moment he was again Major Venner who led men into battle. He stood there, a clanging island of sound between two plunging rivers of startled faces. The same tight smile stayed on his lips, and now the situation was reversed for he was the only person to smile in the whole rotunda.

His eyes stared into each face boldly. Oh, this was the way to end things! The steel bell flashed in an arc over his head again.

But then, suddenly—with a cold shock of horror—from one corner of



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the door one particular face flashed at him. There was no possible doubt there was only that one face in all the world, and it was Judy's! And he knew that she had seen him. So had the young man beside her.

The hand-bell dropped down to his side. It fell from his fingers and rolled across the marble floor.

For an instant he was utterly still, like a soldier at the first flat slam of the mortar bomb. Then Venner started to run. He knew only that he had to hide. Judy must not be permitted to acknowledge him, she must be allowed to make her escape. His feet slipped over the smooth floor and the boards flapped heavily, awkwardly against his body.

Then at last he was behind cover. He was back in the alcove of the drinking-fountain, alone. He pressed his back against the wall, his heels scraping on the wall's marble gloss, his palms pressed wetly on the smooth surface. He closed his eyes and started to count.

His eyes were still closed tight when he counted to fifty. His breath came more evenly and the sheer panic started to dissolve. She must have got away from the building by now.

He opened his eyes, blinked and looked directly into Judy's face. Her quick smile, the warm honesty of her face, all the breath-taking loveliness which never failed to humble him—this was Judy before him. And he knew with a slow kind of wonder that his Judy had not chosen to make her escape. He was only dimly aware of the gaping crowd behind.

"Daddy!" She spoke with a lilt of glad welcome in her voice.

The boy was with her, standing a full pace to the rear. His blue eyes flickered about quickly, searching the edges of the crowd, and a hand tugged

nervously at his collar. At last his handsome young face swiveled back to Judy, and his eyes stared at her, half-shyly, questioning.

But Judy was looking only at her father. Her chin was high, her cheeks richly flushed. "Daddy, what luck to find you here!"

Venner's eyes tried to speak the abjectness of his apology. But now she held his arm. "Daddy, I want to introduce Steve Wilson." Her head tossed proudly. "This is my father, Major Venner."

The boy put his hand forward, awkwardly. A puzzled frown set on his face now, and he looked at Judy searchingly.

Venner had stopped breathing. He knew now that what this boy did in the next five seconds would be decisive for all of them.

There was a slow change across Steve's face. Then, still looking at Judy, the boy smiled. "Here, sir," he said quietly, "Let me take those boards and then—let's all have a cup of coffee."

Judy turned quickly and laid her other hand on Steve's arm.

Venner leaned back against the wall limply. He tasted a warm trickle of blood inside his mouth where his teeth had bitten through his lip. But he smiled then, and he went on smiling, with more strength inside him than he had known for thirty years.

The hot sun poured over them as they stepped out into the campus. The ache was still with Venner but it seemed now like the familiar touch of an old friend. The students saw the back of him as he plodded toward the gates, settling himself into a comfortable military pace, with Judy on one side of him and her young man on the other. ★

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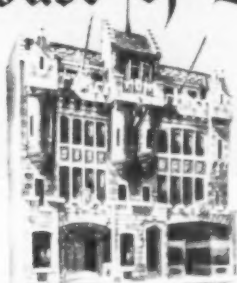
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MEN WHO THINK OF TOMORROW

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## Marie Went Back to the Dark Ages

Continued from page 20

they lived for four years in the shadow of the mountains. To earn a little money and keep busy Marie taught elementary school for Nisei (Western-born Japanese) children in an old barn.

The year after the war they were faced with a hard decision: They were told they had two choices—go east and work on the sugar-beet farms or make their own way in the strange cities, or go back to Japan. They were not legally allowed to return to the west coast. Marie's parents, both over seventy, were too old for farm work. The thought of going to big cities they didn't know frightened them. They turned to the only familiar place left: Japan, which neither had seen in twenty-five years. Marie had not the heart to argue with them.

"After all," she says now, "I've got a much longer future than they."

That fall they docked at Kurihama, Japan, and Marie found herself part of an Oriental world which was at an opposite pole from the one she had known. At first she was intrigued and a little excited by the things she saw. Looking at the shoreline, she couldn't help remarking how small the trees looked after B. C. On the streets she saw women, and men too, wearing kimonos. She'd never really believed they did although she'd seen them in Japanese movies. But her first big impression was the crowds, the teeming, ragged, haggard crowds jostling down the narrow streets, and the thousands and thousands of children scuttling about like so many mice. She had never seen so many people together before. And they all looked hungry.

For two weeks they were housed, with other Nisei, in a big Japanese naval barracks, a huge barnlike structure with *tatami* floors which Marie had never seen before. She found she was expected to sleep on the floor, Japanese style, and this was agony for her. Her Western concept of privacy underwent a shock when she discovered that two hundred and fifty people were to be quartered in one room, without any curtains or partitions, and that groups of twenty were to sleep together under each gauzelike mosquito tent. She slept with her clothes on and "never did have a real go-to-bed feeling." The food was slop. Each group received two buckets. One contained a gruel of unpolished rice and boiled wheat, spotted with flies; the other, seaweed soup occasionally thickened by potatoes and horse meat.

The water was so heavily chlorinated against typhoid that Marie couldn't drink it. She tried buying a beverage in the market—a strange mixture of shaved ice covered in syrup, only to discover that the syrup was made of saccharine. Once she saw an empty Coca-Cola bottle in a gutter and a vision of the drugstore on the corner which she had come to identify as a typical Canadian scene flashed nostalgically across her mind's eye.

After two weeks they were able to get a train for her father's old fishing village of Aikawa on the coast of the Sea of Japan. The train trip took twelve hours and was a nightmare. The three crowded into one narrow seat in the packed car. Often people pounded on the windows for admittance and clambered in on top of them. At Fukui reporters collared them and asked about the tortures they were reputed to have undergone in Canada. Marie replied in her halting Japanese that the stories were false and that they had all been treated well. When they

reached the end of their journey the crowd was so dense that they themselves had to leave by the window.

There followed a three-hour ride standing up in a jammed bus with the stench of fish and rotting meat foul in their nostrils. Marie looked out at the neat little farms ascending the steep mountains in ordered steps. The foliage along the way was thick and reminded her of B. C., and the long easy curve of the blue Sea of Japan under the high cliffs gave her the fleeting feeling that she was back in West Vancouver.

But the village, when they reached it, was dark and dirty. There were few shops and the houses were jammed tight against each other. For the next three months Marie Kawamoto felt that she was back in the Dark Ages.

"My gosh," she says, "it was just like what I used to teach the First Graders about prehistoric times."

They lived in one room of a three-room house with Marie's uncle, wife and two children and another uncle. The fire consisted of a recess in the floor and the cooking facilities a pot suspended above it. There was no furniture as we know it and Marie soon got pins and needles in her legs from squatting Oriental-fashion on the floor. It was bad manners to sprawl. The toilet was a hole in the floor and the contents were used to manure the fields. The stench of the fields filled the village with an odor which some Nisei have nicknamed "Chanel No. 6."

Most of the household except Marie left home at dawn for the rice paddies and returned at sundown. The women took their laundry and supper dishes

down to a little creek that ran like a gutter through the town and there, squatting always on their haunches, did the washing. They wore voluminous *mon pei* pantaloons and kerchiefs on their heads and they carried huge loads on their heads and backs. They took their wooden shoes off before entering the house.

And they did everything by hand. The women were gnarled and bent as the dwarf pines twisted by Japanese gardeners into grotesque shapes, and before many days were gone Marie knew the reason.

"Don't you realize," she said to her mother, "that everything you do requires you to bend over? Why, there isn't a long-handled tool used in the rice paddies! You've got to bend to do your washing and you've got to bend to do your cooking and you've got to bend to serve the table. No wonder everybody's bowed over."

Her mother merely shrugged, but her old father, who also had pins and needles in his legs—for he had forgotten how to squat—said with some astonishment: "You know, there hasn't been a single improvement or change in this village since I left it fifty years ago, except for the coming of electricity."

At first Marie walked a bit in the village but she soon stopped, for wherever she went she was followed by a curious throng of children and adults who stared at her strange clothing. She fancied that the women looked with disapproval on her bright blouses and print dresses—the Japanese prefer subdued colors—and at her make-up and the brisk, assured manner of her car-

riage. And always there were questions about America—nobody could quite understand the idea of Canada: Weren't they treated badly during the war because they were Japanese? And Marie, until she tired of it, would answer hotly that it hadn't been bad at all, that she had been treated well in the land of her birth and that it wasn't America either—it was Canada.

She was sick for ten days from dysentery and her skin erupted into sores because of the change in diet. They ate only rice with boiled wheat, with side dishes of pumpkin and sweet potato. Marie longed for slices of thin bread and butter and a cup of good Canadian coffee instead of the thin yellow Japanese tea.

She lived three months in the village. Then, providentially, a distant Seattle-born cousin, a woman of about sixty, sent for her to live with her in Yokohama. Here she got a job with the U. S. Occupation Forces and because she had taken shorthand at West Vancouver High she was paid two thousand yen a month instead of the thousand the other girls got. This is a little more than six dollars.

### A Chesterfield in Tokyo

As Japan progressed, so did Marie. When civilian airlines were allowed to fly into the country, she got a job at the office of North West Airlines in Tokyo. Here her knowledge of idiomatic English stood her in good stead. About a year later, when foreign traders were admitted, she went to work in the offices of Barclay and Company, a Seattle firm of exporters and importers. Here she met and married a rising young executive named Peter Katsumo, who was born in the United States.

The Katsumos live in the crowded residential district of Denen-Cho-Fu on the outskirts of Tokyo where the neat little Japanese homes sit perched on their gardens by the thousands, like locusts on a persimmon tree. It is a far cry from West Vancouver or Burnaby. Each of these little homes, with its tile roof and its paper-thin walls, is almost identical with all the others. Each is furnished with the Spartan good taste that marks all Japanese interiors: the *tatami* matting on the floor, the little black lacquer table in the centre at which you squat on cushions, the charcoal brazier with its two glowing coals in the corner, the recess in one wall where a single Japanese scroll and perhaps a vase of flowers or a carved figure accents the almost complete lack of furnishings. There is no bed or couch anywhere in sight, only some heavy mattresses and quilts stowed away behind one of the wafer-thin sliding panels, to be brought out when night falls and living room becomes bedroom until dawn.

It is said that you can walk into any one of these little homes and feel that you have been in them all. The Katsumos' house is the one exception. It is as tiny as the others, and from the outside just as austere. But when you slide back the panels and step into the little front room you might easily be back in Canada. For here is a chesterfield and an easy chair and another upright chair, a card table, a photograph in a frame and a picture on the wall and some books showing and some bric-à-brac too. There is a pile of magazines and several vases and, in one corner, a faded-green satin souvenir cushion on which have been embroidered the words "Banff, Alberta."

Here Marie and her husband live, with Marie's parents and her little six-month-old daughter, named Carol because she was born just before

## SHORT CUTS TO INSANITY

By Peter Whalley





Christmas. Peter has risen to general manager of his company, a Japanese affiliate of Barclay's called Tokyo Sales, and he is paid well by Japanese standards. He gets 50,000 yen a month, which comes to around \$140 in our currency. The Katzunos pay 3,300 a month rent on their little house, or less than \$10. Their groceries cost them 5,000 yen and their meat 3,000. But a pair of American-style shoes comes to 4,800. Japanese houses are cold, and both are used to Western comforts, so the heating bill is more than the rent. All in all, they spend almost all they make but manage to live fairly well.

They live quite differently from their neighbors, the Tsukimatos, who are in the dwarf-tree business. The Tsukimatos sleep and squat on the floor but the Katzunos have a proper bed and bedroom. The Tsukimatos have no washing machine but Mrs. Katzuno has managed to get a small one for little Carol's Curity diapers, which she vastly prefers to the loincloth affairs that Japanese mothers make for their babies from old kimono sleeves. The Tsukimatos have a recess in the floor where glowing pieces of charcoal partially heat the house, but the Katzunos have a modern gas heater. The Tsukimatos eat soybean soup and rice for breakfast. The Katzunos prefer toast and coffee, although they do have Japanese food with chopsticks on occasion.

Although the Katzunos do have many Japanese acquaintances, their close friends are other Nisei whose background is similar to their own. There are three thousand Canadian Nisei alone in Japan, and to most of them the Japanese are still a race apart. Marie Katzuno talks Japanese during the day to the deliverymen and neighboring housewives but in the evening she and her husband lapse into North American slang. Sometimes the neighbors offer Mrs. Katzuno a Japanese paper to read and she always takes it politely because she does not care to let on that she cannot read the language.

Actually, this is no serious handicap in Tokyo. In a few years the Katzunos have seen it flower, superficially at least, into a Western city. The kimonos have almost gone from the streets scarcely any men wear them now and only the older women. The downtown area, where the little night clubs cluster thickly around Shimbashi station and bright new stores line the broad Ginza, there is a galaxy of neon signs. Jazz bands play Goodnight Irene and the Tennessee Waltz and there is a radio program called Twenty Questions. Young Japanese in sports jackets jitterbug and form conga lines in the garish, rowdy dance-halls.

#### Hand-Holders in the Street

To the casual visitor in the great city, once the world's third largest, the Japanese seem to have become a Westernized, democratic people. But Mrs. Katzuno remembers the dark little village on the seacoast and isn't so sure. Besides, she is a woman and notices things that often escape a man.

She notices that in spite of the emancipation of Japanese women, their husbands still call their wives by shouting "Oi!" which she translates as "Hey you!" Among her husband's Japanese business acquaintances it is bad manners to compliment a woman on her dress or appearance, and a man often refers to his spouse as "my stupid wife." Mrs. Katzuno has got used to being served last in restaurants and homes and to following men through doorways and into elevators.

"Their wives sure never tell their

husbands off like I tell mine off sometimes," she says. "And I can tell you one thing: My hubby never says Oi to me!"

Old customs die hard. Mrs. Katzuno knows more than one Japanese who has a concubine as well as a wife. Her friend, Mary Ikeda, a Nisei girl from Vancouver who lives in Yokohama, rents a room to a former Geisha who is the "Number 2 wife" of a wealthy Japanese and has two children by him.

On one hand Mrs. Katzuno has noticed young Japanese couples holding hands on the streets—something you never saw in Japan a few years ago. On the other she notices that when she goes to dinner at a Japanese friend's home his wife and eldest daughter-in-law do not sit at the table with the other guests, but squat at the rice pot in the corner, acting as servants.

#### She Misses Christmas Most

Sometimes the traditional ultra-politeness and self-effacement of the people irritate her. Everyone says "Excuse, please" and "Thankyouvery-much," just like the Japanese in the comic strips. When Mrs. Katzuno has people over she has to ask them to come in several times before they actually cross the threshold. Sometimes it is like pulling teeth to get them to sit down.

The Japanese have never quite accepted the Nisei, who dress in the brash foreign manner and whose women are so outspoken. "I'm afraid they think of us as smart alecks," says Jean Kimura, a friend of Mrs. Katzuno's from New Westminster. "Why, if you show your arms they think you're a hussy," says Mary Ikeda.

Mrs. Katzuno thinks it is more than that. Postwar Japan, for all its glitter and its Western veneer, is still a beaten country whose people are often poor and hungry. To them the Nisei, with their ability to speak English so well and their knowledge of Western customs and habits, and more than that, with their citizenship papers in the Promised Land—these Nisei are rich interlopers who can be properly resented.

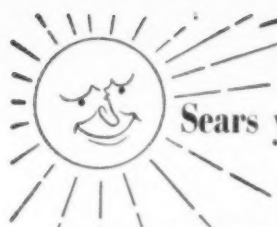
Marie Katzuno's own integration into this new world has not been easy. "We're in a funny situation," she says. "We're both very much Western at heart. But my husband works with Japanese and everyday things are so Japanese you sort of get stuck in between at times."

She has made many adjustments during her five-year exile in Japan. Undoubtedly she will have to make many more. Recently, for example, she has caught herself bowing in the Japanese manner. "It's just a sort of habit, I guess," she explains. "You bow instead of saying hello." But in spite of this it is unlikely that she will ever feel at one with the curious little people who are now her countrymen but whom she still refers to as "they." At night she still dreams of Canada and often wishes she could taste a California orange instead of a mandarin, or an Okanagan apple instead of the Japanese variety which looks so good and tastes so insipid.

There are many things about Canada that Marie Katzuno misses badly, but the feeling of loneliness in the strange brown land comes on her most strongly at Christmastime, a festival which is celebrated in cursory fashion if at all.

"If only there were a bit of crisp snow and we could have a tree in the room with maybe a bit of tinsel on it," she says wistfully. "If there were only some sleigh bells jingling... But of course over here the people have different customs." ★

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## The Commies Aren't So Hot, At That

Continued from page 11

of coercion a good many of the better farmers do join, though they're not such good farmers on a collective farm as on their own. But you'd be surprised, in almost every village you find a hard core of stubborn Serbs who will not sign up. They'll go to jail first. Some of them are in jail, in fact."

Was this just pure Serbian obstinacy? "Not altogether. There's reason behind it. One old farmer explained the whole thing to me: 'If I sign that paper and join the collective it clouds my title to my own farm,' he said. 'That farm is mine, it was my father's before me. They can't take it away from me no matter what they do unless I give it away. So I don't sign. Better to go to jail for one year, two years, even five years. When I come out this regime may be gone, but my farm will still be here.'"

What about the effect of collective farming on food production?

"I can't give you exact figures, but I can give you a pertinent fact. At this time of year a private farmer is out on his fields by 3.30 a.m. it's daylight at 4. On a collective farm they usually have an orientation meeting at 8 o'clock that lasts an hour or more. Maybe they get to work by 9.30."

So far, collective farms include only about twenty percent of either farmers or farm area in Yugoslavia (the information officer will tell you forty to forty-five percent, but his own government's figures give him the lie).

### As Green as England

In spite of his grievances the farmer, private and collective alike, is probably better off than any other Yugoslav worker. At worst he has plenty to eat except on some of the worst collectives, which don't even feed their own workers and have to import food. Lately he has also had plenty of money; it doesn't buy much, but it's nice to have. The Government is frantically trying to restore farm production by letting the farmer sell more and more of his crops on the free market. While I was in Belgrade another long list of foods was exempted from the compulsory buy-up.

It looks like a bumper crop this year too, after the calamitous drought of 1950. "We may be able to wipe out rationing after this harvest," said a collective farmer at Dobranovci. Maybe that's overly optimistic, but the fields of Yugoslavia look as green as England; it would take very bad management indeed to make the 1951 crop a complete failure. All in all, the food problem in Yugoslavia seems well on the way to solution for the time being, even under Communism.

No such respite is granted to Yugoslav industry. Nature cannot help in the production of boots, or tractors, or machine tools. Yugoslav handicrafts like hand weaving and embroidery are as beautiful as ever, and you find them on sale in the "export shops" where they earn tourist dollars. But Yugoslav factory goods are as low in quality as they are high in price. The "free market" price of a pair of shoes is equal to the average pay for one month. With coupons a worker can get shoes for twenty percent of that price, but nobody earns very many coupons and half the population get none at all.

I met a disgruntled engineering student from Belgrade University. "Engineering in this country is enough to drive you crazy," he said. "You spend all day at conferences—talk, talk, talk.

Nobody ever has time to get any work done."

You see the effect of this in the goods produced. Except for the old handicrafts, nothing appears to be well made. Nothing works very well, from telephones to toilets.

Nothing except one thing—the secret police. They work very efficiently indeed. Not quite as efficiently as in Russia, where a citizen would probably be afraid to talk even to his wife as some Yugoslavs talk to relative strangers. But efficiently enough to give these Yugoslavs a depressing story to tell.

Nobody outside of the Politburo knows how many men are employed by UDBA, the secret police. Nobody knows how many political prisoners lie in Yugoslav jails, with or without trial. About twelve thousand were released in a New Year's amnesty last January; that was probably a small fraction of the total. The amnesty may have been an act of mercy, or it may only have reflected a housing problem.

"They kept me in jail two years after the war," said a former Chetnik (General Mikhailovic's anti-Communist resistance force). "If it hadn't been for Tito's break with Stalin I'd be there yet. They had to put all the Cominform agents and sympathizers in jail then, and the jails were full. So they let us go to make room for the others."

UDBA agents are everywhere. Two years ago a group of junior secretaries from the Canadian Legation got into trouble with the police (they were jailed several hours for taking snapshots of one another in a public park) and they found they had no common language with the constables who arrested them. One of the policemen beckoned to a man in the crowd, a nondescript ill-dressed fellow who looked like everyone else. He came over and spoke to them in perfect English. Obviously a UDBA man, but one of how many in that Sunday afternoon crowd?

Every harlot in Yugoslavia is a UDBA informer; that's the price she pays for being allowed to practice her profession. Waiters, taxi drivers, all the obvious listening posts are covered; in addition to the regular staff, three or four men in the blue serge suits and the heavy black shoes that are the UDBA "uniform" may be seen at any mealtime, watching the bar of the Majestic Hotel from a corner table on the mezzanine floor.

These are trivia. The worst of it, the really horrible fact, is that anybody at all may turn out to be an informer, even a trusted friend. Two Yugoslav boys told me this story:

A while ago they were walking in the park with a third lad, chatting idly, and one said, "How'd you like to be a member of the Communist Party?" The other answered "God forbid."

Within a fortnight one of the boys was interrogated by the secret police. They quoted that conversation to him verbatim and let him off with a stern warning against "subversive talk." The boys are certain the only witness within earshot was their companion.

"I thought he was our best friend, the rat," said one of the boys bitterly. The other was more charitable: "He just had a yellow streak, that's all. They probably got something on him and used that to scare him into squealing on us. That's how they get you, see. If you won't talk, then they get some information from somebody else and you're in trouble because you didn't talk. It's a crime to withhold information."

Officially, of course, UDBA gets its information from "volunteers" whose only motive is indignant patriotism. Every once in a while the foreign



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resident gets a quick insight into the Yugoslav "volunteer" system. One such flash of light came a year or two ago when by some oversight a routine letter from Yugoslav authorities was sent to a Western ambassador. It addressed him by name, not rank, and it said: "You are advised that you may now enroll for voluntary labor service at Police Station X."

Correctly assuming his name had got on the list by mistake the ambassador didn't answer the letter. Ten days later he got another: "You are required to report to Police Station X and explain why you have not volunteered for voluntary labor service."

The ambassador has a lively sense of humor. He took the letters over to the Yugoslav Foreign Office. The Foreign Office, which has no sense of humor, was furious. Foreigners are not supposed to know how Communist volunteers are recruited.

But, indeed, even the foreigner feels control on every side in Communist Yugoslavia, and it is stifling. You can't drive out into the country without running into "check points"—armed sentries to check your identification, find out where you're going and why. Belgrade's one bridge across the Danube has four guard posts, one at each end and two in the middle.

One evening I went down to see a Yugoslav acquaintance off on the train. As we parted he said, "Have you got your passport?"

"I think I have; why?"

"You may not need it," he said, "but they may ask you for it as you leave the station."

Sure enough. One little blue coated policeman to ask who I was and where I was going; one soldier, a rifle slung over his shoulder, to help the policeman. Aside from everything else the mere economic burden of this horde of officers and spies must be staggering.

It may indeed be necessary to keep the regime going. One Westerner of sober judgment said, "I'm not sure you could operate Yugoslavia as a free country. It's riven by hatreds five hundred years old, Serb against Croat, Orthodox against Catholic, and now Partisan against Collaborator and Communist against everything the old order stood for. Every faction has a terrible record of violence and cruelty; each can prove that the other has behaved atrociously. Give them all free rein and I don't know what would happen."

#### Help Wanted: Right Now

But though Yugoslavia may always have lacked order and stability the Communist regime is hated as King Alexander's never was.

"I am no royalist," the son of a once wealthy Yugoslav said. "In the old days I used to be a bit of a radical; I thought the old regime was corrupt, and it was. But I can remember King Alexander walking the streets of Belgrade alone, unguarded. Tito never stirs without a battalion of armed guards."

But they murdered King Alexander in the end, didn't they?

"Yes—in Marseilles. Not at home."

A boy whose parents live on a collective farm said: "In our village the Communists don't go out alone after dark. They go in groups of three or four. They're afraid some of us might catch them alone in a dim corner."

This is the regime which is now asking the Western allies for economic and military aid. Tito wants a lot of help and he wants it right away.

A joint service committee in Washington is still pondering the list of military requirements Tito sent them in January. No dollar total appears

in that list: it's a request for specific numbers of planes, tanks, guns, etcetera. Meanwhile Tito has put in a separate bid for financial assistance running over three hundred million dollars all told.

Last year he got about two hundred million dollars from the United States and Britain, but that was slightly different last year Yugoslavia had a drought and nearly starved. The aid was emergency relief to stave off famine and anarchy.

This year Tito has no such food problem, yet he wants even more money. He has asked for more than two hundred millions from the International Bank, to be invested in the development of industry. To get it he must meet the bank's stipulation: find somebody to underwrite Yugoslavia's trade deficit, now estimated at one hundred and fifty million dollars a year. Tito has asked the United States and Britain to put up this

NEXT ISSUE:

## BLACK'S HARBOR, N.B.

Ian Sclanders writes about a thriving town built on sardines. It is owned by two men, you can rent a house for \$14 a month, and you can get your Sunday dinner for nothing at the wharf when the fleet comes in.

IN MACLEAN'S AUGUST 1  
ON SALE JULY 27

amount in grants, not loans, and they have been studying the request for the past two or three months.

If they take the advice of their envoys on the spot they'll give Tito what he asks. Western diplomats in Belgrade are by no means blind to the faults of the Communist regime. They know perfectly well they are dealing with an unpopular and inefficient tyranny. Their reason for backing it is simple: There's no alternative. Everybody seems agreed on that.

Perhaps Tito would be voted out of office in a free Yugoslav election, but there is nobody for the Yugoslavs to vote into office. Remove Tito and Yugoslavia would fall apart. Allow his regime to collapse from internal weakness and the result is the same: you create a power vacuum which only Russia and her satellites can fill.

Even with help, Tito's Yugoslavia remains terribly vulnerable. Stalin may well consider this the most important of all fronts, for Tito is a lethal threat to Russian pretensions, a living denial of the Russian Gospel. Stalin must surely have decided that, sooner or later, Tito must go.

In the three years since Tito's break with Stalin, threats along the borders have been continuous. Tito, in a speech last December 28, announced a total of one thousand three hundred and ninety-seven "frontier incidents" with satellites Rumania, Bulgaria and Hungary. These incidents are still going on small shooting affrays between border guards, many causing fatal casualties. Any one could be turned into a pretext for invasion.

If Tito's Yugoslavia is overrun by Russia the West falls into grave danger. True, it's no more the danger we were in anyway, before June 1948, but

that was danger enough. Russian capture of the Dalmatian coast might well close the whole Mediterranean. Italy would become virtually indefensible, Turkey and Greece would be hopelessly outflanked.

And one thing you have to say for Tito's Yugoslavia: Any help that's given will at least be used.

"These are serious people," an American reporter said. "They are really trying to make a go of their system and put their country back on the rails. Efficiently or not, they are working."

They are not thieves and they are not grafters. Money given to help the nation will not find its way into the pockets of individuals nor gift goods show up on the black market.

CARE (the Co-operative for American Remittances to Europe) has a large experienced staff checking the arrival of food and its delivery to the intended spots. American Government teams roam the country with the same mission. Neither agency has uncovered a single case of diversion in all the millions of tons of food which have poured into Yugoslavia in the past ten months.

But the more important, in fact the decisive argument for aid to Yugoslavia, can be put into three words: Yugoslavia will fight. That is more than we can say with the same assurance of some far more respectable allies. As one American resident put it:

"These Yugoslavs have never at any time said, 'If you give us a lot of dollars, and if you send us some American soldiers as well as tanks and planes, then maybe we will consider attempting to defend ourselves.'"

"These Yugoslavs say 'We intend to defend ourselves no matter what you do or say or want. If you give us some help we may be able to do it better.'"

Incidentally this is one point on which the whole of Yugoslavia seems unanimous. No one, Yugoslav or foreigner, friend or foe of the regime, ever suggests that Soviet Russia should not or would not be resisted to the last man and the last bullet.

"I remember how the Russians behaved when they were supposed to be our friends," said an anti-Communist Yugoslav. "I can imagine what they'd do here as enemies."

In Western countries you hear suggestions from time to time that any help to Yugoslavia ought to be conditional, that we should make it a weapon to force changes in Yugoslav policy. Roman Catholics, in particular, would like to stipulate the release and restoration of Mgr. Stepinac, Archbishop of Zagreb. He is now in jail as a war criminal.

Diplomats in Belgrade, Catholic as well as Protestant, argue against this line. Nothing would so damage the regime, they say, nothing so strengthen the Russian propaganda line in other Middle European countries, as for Tito to give the appearance of submitting to pressure from the capitalist democracies. And nothing would so smack of pressure as the sudden unexplained release of Stepinac.

One trouble is that the Stepinac case involves more than Communism. It's part of the ancient feud between Serb and Croat. The war crime of which Stepinac was accused, and convicted at a public trial, was connivance in the "forced conversions" from Orthodox to Catholic faith which unquestionably were perpetrated during the war. They were carried out by the Ustashi, a Fascist Croat force distinguished even in Yugoslavia for its ferocious cruelty. The hatred the Ustashi created is still very much alive.

Mgr. Stepinac may be wholly innocent of any association with these

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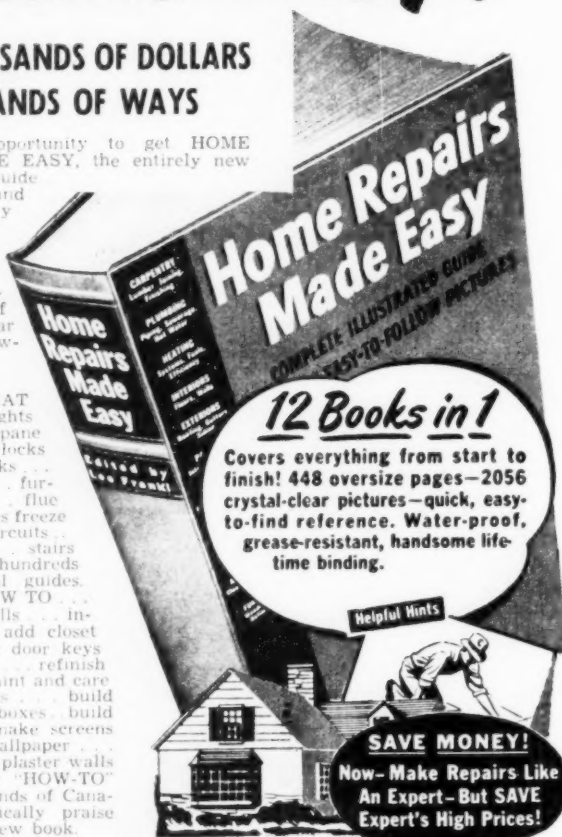
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crimes though he was in ecclesiastical office when they were committed. That is not the point. The point is that almost all Serbs, Communist and non-Communist alike, believe he was guilty. A Yugoslav court found him guilty. A Yugoslav government, even a dictatorship like Tito's, would suffer grave loss of face and dignity if it simply overruled its own court in return for a cash hand-out.

Tito himself would like to settle the Stepinac controversy. "If they will only let me alone," he told a distinguished visitor recently, "if they will only keep quiet even for two or three months I can settle this question. But I cannot and I will not yield to pressure."

Foreign observers are inclined to agree with the Yugoslav argument that independence, for Tito, has advantages for us as well as for him. Yugoslavia has political influence with the satellite countries and with the Communist Parties in countries like Italy and France, just because she is nobody's stooge.

It seems to me all this argument is beside the point, anyway. Yugoslavia may be a military ally, for reasons of mutual advantage. Yugoslavia is not and will not become a friend.

"The Communists tell us Yugoslavs that they're just playing the Western

powers for suckers," a Belgrade man told me.

Quite probably they believe that themselves. Western nations would be dupes indeed if they gave Tito help for any other reason than their own safety.

You hear a good deal nowadays about the "improvements" in Tito's regime—the abolition of special privileges for Communist Party men; the reduction of the bureaucracy, touted as the "withering away of the State" that Marx and Lenin prophesied; some faint return of liberty. It's true that these improvements have taken place, but they are meaningless from our point of view. Tito has had to make some concessions to placate his own people and to muster popular support for a regime standing alone in a hostile world. He will make no more than he must.

No amount of "improvement" will make Yugoslavia a free country, or Tito anything but a Communist dictator.

If we are going to support him, as it seems we are, let's not be sentimental about it. Tito can be a useful ally against Stalin, as Stalin was a useful ally against Hitler. Surely we can recognize that without being impelled to form Canada-Yugoslav friendship councils. ★

## MONTREAL'S THE EATINGEST TOWN

Continued from page 17

a string of new and used prize fighters. Their boys often lost but paid off in publicity for S & S.

The most imaginative self-publicist in Montreal's restaurant kingdom is bald, bouncy, bespectacled Frank De Rice. He opened Canada's first drive-in eatery in 1926, introduced Montreal to the toasted frankfurter, made a fortune selling spaghetti at forty cents a plate. Today he owns three big restaurants and claims to sell more Cokes than anyone else in Canada. Most lavish is his \$250,000 Decarie Boulevard drive-in which parks five hundred autos; there you can have a seven-course meal served in your car.

De Rice's restaurants can be identified by the neon boast, "We serve a ton and a half of spaghetti every seven days," and a huge red "F. D. R." During the Franklin Delano Roosevelt era it was periodically reported by Montreal columnists that the Roosevelt family and the U. S. government were trying to stop him from capitalizing on the famous initials with ads like "F. D. R. eats here and says the food is great!"

"I've had dozens of people come to see me about it, including a couple of U. S. senators and a U. S. government official," he admits. "But I never received any formal or official complaints from Washington."

De Rice closes his drive-in for a day each year and throws a big party for the city's crippled children. One year it featured a wild animal show, another year a rodeo, and still another time he hired a complete circus for the day.

He pulled his most fantastic stunt in May 1949 when he cooked up a deal with the city of Boynton Beach, Florida, to present a palm tree to Montreal, represented, of course, by De Rice. After a much-publicized road journey north in a huge trailer truck a thirty-five-foot palm was planted outside his Decarie Boulevard place while thousands watched. Using a huge crane, workmen spun the ceremony out for hours under the glare of red, yellow and green floodlights. The next day Montreal's Mayor Camille Houde and Boynton Beach's Mayor Fred

Purinton officiated at the three-hour christening of the first palm tree ever planted in Canada. Actually several palms were planted and they thrived throughout the summer only to die in November when they were dug up and moved to a nursery to dodge the first frost.

Like F. D. R., other restaurateurs have used all kinds of gimmicks to lure in trade from movable ceilings and built-in pin-ball machines in the tables, to glass dance floors. The latest is a device which conveys tantalizing cooking odors to passersby. While many spots are noted for some particular attraction, like Rector's with its giant indoor aquarium, most blend interior decorations and entertainment into a setting for the type of food they serve. Thus Cafe de l'Est, a rambling old house with tiny scattered bars and dining tables features Parisian entertainers like Edith Piaf with its French cuisine, while in the Bucharest's colorful Tzigane Room spicy Romy dishes are served amid gypsy decorations to the strains of gypsy music. Atmospheres run the gamut from the sleek, sedate modernity exemplified by the chrome-and-red-leather Flamingo, to the period setting of the Gay Nineties Room in the Jamaica.

Some places have an outdoor appeal. On the river at wrestler Yvon Robert's Au Petit Robinson you can dine forty feet up in the branches of a tree without discomfort. The lamp-lit, open-air tree-top nests are equipped with push buttons to summon the waiter who carts the food up stairs that spiral about the huge trunks.

From spring to fall the Berkeley Hotel operates its Boulevard Cafe on its Sherbrooke Street sidewalk. Breakfast favorite here is brandied apricot omelet. This is a puffy omelet which is spread before folding with apricot jam to which has been added a tablespoon of brandy. It is served ringed with foamy brandy sauce or a sauce made with eggs, whipped cream and rum.

Montreal restaurants are situated in clothing and stationery stores, in tennis clubs and bowling alleys, in tram stations and swank clubs like the



Mount Stephen, in massage parlors and steam baths. At the latter you can dine from a couch, in a bath, or in a pool off a floating table.

Montreal is the only Canadian town where you can get a meal in a beer parlor. Nor is the menu confined to pickled tongues and eggs. The Ry-mark Tavern, for example, specializes in clam chowder, ham boiled in beer and a scrumptious Welsh rarebit made of strong Quebec cheese and ditto Quebec beer. The beer halls, where no women are allowed, are rustic places with few decorations, no music, and ugly signs that warn: "No Swear, No Spit, No Sing, No Twist." (Twist is the tabletop strength test where you try to force the other fellow's wrist down.) The menu, if there is one, is roughly chalked on a blackboard and the waiters are usually gruff characters who tell their regular customers what to eat and treat strangers with disdain.

Competition, imagination and individuality have combined to give Montreal restaurants some of the most colorful names in existence. For example, there is A La Marmite Chez George (At the Pot at George's Place), Pot au Feu (literally Pot of the Fire, but actually the name of a spicy boiled beef dish), Chez Ma Tante, Chez Ti-Ti, Tit Guy, La Petite Chaumière (the Little Thatched House), the Yum Yum, Ding Ho, Pig & Whistle. The most intriguingly named is Au Lutin qui Bouffe (The Place of the Elf who Clowns. Famous for its "little piglet charcoal broiled," it is popular with tourists who like to have their photo taken with the porker.

It is impossible to single out any one restaurant as Montreal's most popular or all-round best. Executive types and visiting diplomats favor Leo Dandurand's Cafe Martin, which has a superb French cuisine, and Drury's English Inn, a chophouse that is a little bit of Blighty. Both have quiet refined atmospheres. Blue bloods go to Au 400 Chez Lelarge, popularly known as the 400 Club, run by the three Lelarge brothers, while the Ritz Carlton gets the carriage trade, and the Berkeley's Champs Elysées the social register. Newspapermen like the onion soup served in a pot at Mother Martin's in the New Carlton Hotel, while the arty crowd congregates at La Tour Eiffel. Radio announcers, producers and technicians like the corned beef and cabbage and the *borscht* served in Dinty Moore's Ship Ahoy Room. Models meet at Macy's; waiters, busboys and cabdrivers frequent the Laurentien; and hockey players and the sporty crowd gather at Aldo's, run by ex-NHL star Jimmy Orlando and his brothers.

#### Bamboo and Birds' Nests

In spite of gimmicks and publicity stunts the main attraction of all Montreal restaurants is their food. Every place has at least one specialty and it may be anything from *smorgasbord* to beans—there is even a place called Chez Roger Le Roi des Fèves au Lard (the Place of Roger the King of Pork and Beans). For seafood lovers there are a host of fish houses such as Delmo's, Desjardins and the Traymore. Most famous is historic Chez Pauzé, Canada's oldest, owned by Sam Andrews, Canada's biggest oyster farmer, who grows his own menu in his beds at Upper Shippigan, N.B.

Foreign cooking is represented by hundreds of restaurants from the Luxembourg, the Balkan and the Sam Va, to the Hale Hakola, the Swiss Chalet and the Little Roumanian House. For pizza, *spatioli* and *lasagna* fans there are many excellent Italian spots such as Piazzo Tomasso, Corso Pizzeria,



Chez Roncari and De Pasquale. For seekers of such delicacies as *guy yone yin uarr* (bird's nest soup) and *achar* (pickled bamboo sprouts), Chinatown's Lagachetiere Street houses such establishments as the Rice Bowl, the Jasmine, the Sun Kuo Min and the Bamboo Garden. Some of the best Chinese food is to be found, not in Chinatown, but northwest on Decarie Boulevard, Montreal's Sunset Strip. There, near the glittering Miss Montreal drive in and rival F. D. R.'s—is big luxurious Ruby Foo's, where you can only get such common fare as chop suey if you insist upon it.

#### Spitted Squab and Snails

Most numerous and popular are restaurants featuring French and Canadian cooking. There are thousands of these, including such famous ones as Chez Pierre, Chez Ernest, Chez Stien and Le Pigalle, and each is noted for its specialties.

One of the many specialties at Au Delices is *oeufs au Xères et à l'orange* (eggs with sherry and orange). It's not as difficult as it sounds. Simply beat six eggs until no longer stringy, blend in a tablespoon of sherry and three of tomato sauce, add half a teaspoon of salt and a pinch of cayenne. Pour the mixture into melted butter in a frying pan and cook slowly, stirring until it begins to set. Then sprinkle with grated orange rind and serve immediately.

Some of the best French and Canadian food in the city can be had at the Mount Royal Hotel, where such dishes as spitted squab, frog legs *sauté Meunière*, and *escargots de Bourgogne* (snails) are daily fare. Of the several restaurants in the hotel the best known and most lavish is the Normandie Room where food and floor show are always first class, and where Victor, the *maitre d'hôtel* with the deepest bow in the city, holds sway. Behind the scenes the keyman is huge Chef Pierre Mary. Like many Montreal chefs he cooked in dozens of countries before settling in Montreal.

Another spot with outstanding French and Canadian food is the Cavalier Cafe in the cellar of the De La Salle Hotel. A favorite with many epicures it has a rustic Canadian charm that is accentuated by rough wood furniture, red-checked tablecloths, and the *savoir-faire* of Victor the headwaiter. Top specialty here is *bouillabaisse*, a delicious fish soup that is a meal in itself. Here's how you make it: Sauté two large chopped onions, two chopped cloves of garlic and two tablespoons of flour in two tablespoons of butter. Add two cups of tomato pulp, two cups of water, four cloves,

three bay leaves, one and a half teaspoons of curry powder, quarter cup of sherry and a dash of Tabasco sauce; simmer thirty minutes; add one teaspoon of salt. Put four pounds of fish fillets (half redfish, half red snapper), four more cloves and another quarter cup of sherry into one and a half quarts of boiling water, and simmer fifteen minutes. Then add to this half a pound of sliced mushrooms and the previously prepared sauce, and simmer the whole for five minutes. Place toast on a large platter, add the fish and pour the sauce over it. This serves twelve and is well worth the effort.

Montreal cafes are not for teetotalers. Wines and liquors are essential ingredients of many of the best dishes from *crêpes Suzette* and Burgundian beef to Madeira mushrooms. Montreal fishermen, for instance, like to poach their brook trout in white wine. A favorite dessert is peaches, pears and pineapple preserved in green crème de menthe or red grenadine, capped with brandy-flavored whipped cream, and topped with a green or red maraschino cherry. For the sweet-toothed there are chocolate-coated globules of pure brandy, scotch, gin and other liquors. But there are, of course, many other excellent dishes such as dandelion omelet and the traditional *ragoût* (a highly seasoned stew made with any kind of meat, including pigs' feet, wild fowl, venison and turtle) and pea soup that don't contain alcohol.

Food is a factor in Montreal politics. It is practically an indispensable qualification for aspiring city councilmen to be known as either a gourmet or a gourmand. Mayor Houde, who tips the scale at 286, is far-famed as both. A familiar and awe-inspiring sight in the city's restaurants, one of his traditional extra-official duties is to periodically descend upon them unannounced and liberally sample their food.

Houde calls Montreal the Good Food Capital of the World. He has a case. Except for the occasional oasis, he maintains that the rest of Canada is gastronomically sterile. Europe has been all but ruined by rationing, shortages of food and money, and the exodus of many of its best chefs. The rest of the world, including most of the U. S., has uninspired cooking or specializes only in dishes peculiar to the region. On the other hand, cosmopolitan Montreal specializes in all kinds of cooking. He admits that a few other cities like New York and San Francisco have some good cosmopolitan cooking too, but says that while some of their restaurants are outstanding, the majority are indifferent.

But Montreal restaurants are by no means perfect. Service is usually slow, for Montreal chefs abhor cooking the menu in advance. Prices are Canada's highest, and there are some dress restrictions. For instance, women can't wear shorts or sunsuits and slacks are also banned in some places. In most of the posher spots they can't wear their hats while dining and men must wear ties and suit coats even on the hottest days. Many places like the Indian Room and the Cafe Martin supply light tropical jackets and ties where required. On the other hand, formal dress is rarely seen.

Montreal has been showered with praise as an epicurean paradise. The Duke of Windsor hailed its "great appreciation for, and deep understanding of . . . the culinary art." But it remained for Jimmy Durante to picture it from the point of view of one whose favorite dish is cornflakes in milk. Rapped he: "Montreal is just one big palay de manjay . . . You can get indigestion in any language, including Esperanto." ★



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## Backstage Abroad

Continued from page 5

In other words it's a crime to evade the censorship. So I didn't mail anything from Greece.

Israel was the next overnight stop—a free country at last, I thought. But the airport in Lydda had a sign that was even more depressing: "Passengers intending to leave Israel are reminded that all books, letters, documents and other written material must be submitted to the Censor Bureau three days before departure. Any written matter which does not bear the censor's stamp may be confiscated." So I didn't send anything from Israel.

In Iran, where I expected all the machinery of a police state, they told me there was no censorship of the mail. With a sigh of relief I dropped the Yugoslavia article into a mailbox.

Maybe it was just incompetence and not censorship, but that was the last anyone ever saw of it. Two weeks later the article still hadn't arrived. I wrote it over again from the original notes.

\*\*\*

This experience was just one of the reasons why I felt so glad to be back in Canada. After a trip like this you feel humble; we haven't done anything to deserve our good fortune, living in this country.

On the night I got to Belgrade it took me nearly two hours to get into a very small, very dim, very uncomfortable room. The mattress seemed to be filled with corn-cobs; the hot tap was the only one that worked, and though the water produced was stone cold it had been run through a rusty heating system and was unfit to drink. I was assured that this was the only room available (next day I learned how lucky I was to get it). As a last straw I found I had forgotten my soap—left it behind in Copenhagen.

I went down to the hotel desk, feeling pretty morose, to ask for a cake of soap. The desk clerk, a rather grimy soul, looked at me with a certain dignity: "You're an American?"

"Canadian," I said.

"You can probably get a cake from the Canadian Legation tomorrow," he said. "As for us, we can't buy it."

I went back upstairs feeling thoroughly ashamed of myself. After all, I was only going to be in Yugoslavia ten days or so. Why should anybody make a fuss who was able to get out?

Compared with Yugoslavia and Iran, of course, the Scandinavian countries and Britain seemed like the Garden of Eden. They're free, for one thing—and you have to visit a captive country to understand what a blessing freedom is. Their governments are honest and competent. Their people have hope, spirit, pride. They have a great deal including some things that Canada hasn't got.

But even from the good countries you're glad to come back home. Life is so difficult there. So many things are scarce, so much has to be rationed and regulated, so much has to be given in effort for so little in material reward. To the returning traveler all Canada's problems appear simple, her difficulties trivial. We are luckier than any of us deserve to be.

One thing that brings a recurrent blush to any Canadian cheek, though, is the European command of languages. We are supposed to be a bilingual country, but I had no occasion to be proud of my stumbling French. Almost everywhere I met people who spoke English; most of those who didn't spoke far better French than I.

On a ski lift just outside Oslo (where

the skiing was still excellent in May) I shared a T-bar with a Norwegian schoolboy. We happened to ride together twice running; on the second trip he spoke pretty good English.

He said his name was Sven Erik Christiansen; he was fourteen, and half way through high school. He had never been outside Norway, not even to Sweden or Denmark, and had no instruction in English except what he got in school. Yet he was able to keep up his end of a conversation.

In Belgrade I went out on an inspection trip with one of the CARE officials, a man who had lived in Frankfurt and spoke perfect German. His driver had no English, but he could talk to his employer in German and to me in French.

"My father had my brother taught German and English, and me taught German and French," the driver explained. "But now I am learning English at home; I hope in a few more weeks to know three thousand words."

One thing that's discouraging, as you go eastward, is the way you leave behind you even the faintest touch of familiarity with the language. In any Scandinavian or German-speaking country, for example, you can at least make out the words. It's no trouble, therefore, to read street signs and things like that.

In Yugoslavia and Greece you bid farewell to Roman letters; the words on the signs cease to have any significance at all, even phonetic. But at least you can still read the numbers. In the Middle East you lose even that frail link with the familiar world. After a few days in Iran you come to recognize an inverted heart as the figure 5, a long-tailed comma as the figure 2, and so on, but you never seem to learn any more than the few numerals that appear on paper money. Makes it quite a chore to find a strange address.

Taxi drivers are no help, either. Most of them speak no language but Persian, and read no language at all.

If you set out, as most foreigners must, with your destination written out for you in Roman and Persian script, you first give the driver your own pronunciation of the address. He looks blank. Then you show him the card written in Persian script. He still looks blank, but this time he nods and throws the car into gear. You go hurtling along, weaving your way in and out of traffic (Iranian drivers are the craziest in the world) for several miles.

Finally you get worried. You stop the car, point to the address, manage to convey the question, "Do you know where you are going?"

The driver takes the address card, gets out and shows it to three or four people on the sidewalk. Terrific colloquy ensues, none of which you can understand. The driver jumps into the car, makes a U-turn which narrowly misses collision with a bus, a donkey cart and a couple of cyclists, and goes hurtling off with equal speed in the opposite direction.

After a couple of tries like this he gets you there—or, sometimes, dumps you at the wrong address and leaves you to go through the same routine with another driver. Each will charge you the full mileage rate, no matter how far out of your way he has taken you. This does appalling things to an expense account. ★

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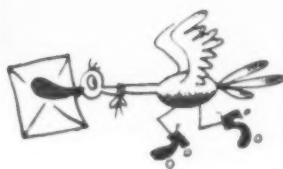
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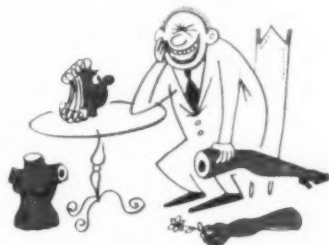


### Humor is a Gift from the Gods

I was very amused by the title of the article by Robert Thomas Allen in your June 1 issue, *Women Have No Sense of Humor*. I didn't read the article in question, because the title bespoke its banality...

Surely only a little common sense is needed to realize that a sense of humor is a gift from the gods to some humans, male and female... The so-called male intelligentsia must still be riled at the growing emancipation of women. And apropos of the condition of the world today—still run by men and the calibre of Canadian literature, even the gods must be laughing, and some of them no doubt are feminine. —Alice Gaman, Ottawa.

● It disgusts me when a good magazine like *Maclean's* pays for and publishes such prejudiced, childish trash: and, in my opinion, a man has reached a pretty low ebb when all he can find to do is sit down and tear the women apart.



I notice Mr. Allen and his kind still marry the women, though. I wonder why? Miss P. C. Thompson, Vancouver.

● En garde, Mr. Allen! The assumption that all women are without humor because your wife and her friends don't laugh at your jokes is as fallacious as saying all women have no appetite because some refuse oysters and salami. It could be your particular brand of wit—those "priceless" jokes you quoted were rather hackneyed; doesn't appeal to her! Katherine D. Pryke, Dawson Creek, B.C.

P. S. As to you, Mr. Thurber, don't any male crackpots send you corny jokes too? K. D. P.

#### Next Question

Reading your issue of May 15—Beverly Baxter's London Letter, *This Daughter Business*, and Gratton Gray's article *They Say You Taste Like Pork*.

There is England's answer to her meat problem and her surplus women! Didn't the late Sir Harry Lauder ad lib to a song, "I could eat ya"? "What a dish, fit for a king!" —Albert A. Hoath, Lea Park, Alberta.

#### And We Cost But \$2 a Year

Your article in *Maclean's* March 15, *How to Save Money on Your Income Tax*, saved my husband \$45.

We have a daughter who was sixteen last November 20. Neither of us knew we could claim \$400 exemption for her, even though we had collected family allowance for eleven months. When we first made out our income-tax returns we owed \$46.20. After reading

your article we made it out again and this time we only owed \$1.20.

We have just received our official receipt from the Income Tax Department.

Many thanks—Mrs. A. E. Overton, Winnipeg.

#### Shap Hit the Spot

Shapiro's editorial, May 15 issue (*When the Canucks Hit Europe Again*), should be preserved as a classic. Unpopularity of foreign troops in Europe, rowdiness and a much greater evil—"an inexplicably arrogant attitude"—was a weak spot in the Canadian Army in War One too. Proper indoctrination before dispatch overseas is the cure. J. MacDiarmid, Dawson Creek.

● One of the reasons for this gross arrogance is because of the higher pay given to Canadians and Americans compared with the pay of European servicemen. This, plus lack of cultural background, and ignorance of ethical standards of behavior, superimposed on a conceit that inflates the ego of those who "can buy out the other guy," all tend to produce a supercilious attitude and contempt for the less fortunate nationals of our European allies in the first and second wars. Congratulations. —W. E. G. Crisford, Victoria.

#### They Find Hobson Choice

Congratulations on your four-part serial, *We Found the Last Wild West* (*Maclean's* April 15-June 1). Richmond Hobson is the kind of writer this country (and especially this province, B. C.) most urgently needs. Keith Cutler, Vancouver.

● One of the finest stories of modern pioneering I've ever seen anywhere. I wish the writer and his friends no harm, but I certainly hope that they are still



being chased around by bears and Indians so that Hobson won't run out of material. J. D. Dickson, Alberni, B.C.

● Has Hobson ever looked at a map of B. C.? The country he is writing about is not in northern B. C., or even as far north as the central interior. Even in 1934 he could have kept on going north and come to small villages with stores, houses, etcetera. —Mrs. L. M. Jones, Whonock, B.C.

#### The Happy Baker Is Happier

Just a note to say THANK YOU for the article (*The Happy Baker of Ottawa*, June 1). I do trust that it will have some effect in increasing the moral climate in Canada and to show that what we need is a change in spirit—not system—to attain social justice for all. —G. Cecil Morrison, Ottawa. ★

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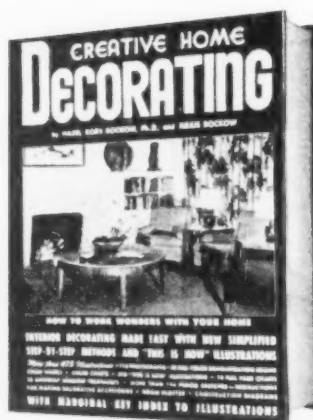
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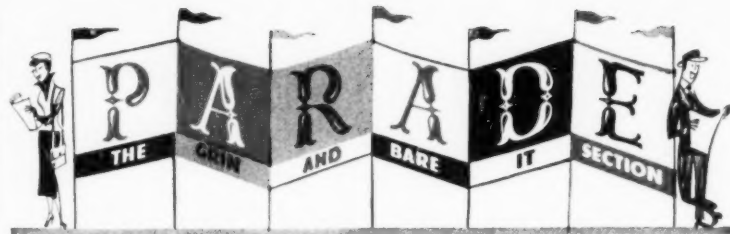
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IN CALGARY a middle-aged man rushed into a drugstore one evening, told the druggist he was a doctor and asked if he could use the telephone in the dispensary "for an emergency call." The druggist nodded and turned to serve a young woman who had entered the store in front of the man.

Suddenly, at the end of a loud conversation in the dispensary, came a rich string of oaths. The druggist looked nervously at the young woman, who merely smiled and continued giving her order. An even stronger assortment of words came from the dispensary.

"I'm very sorry," the druggist apologized, "but that man said he was a doctor and, not knowing him, I had no idea he would use language like that."

"Oh, that's all right," said the young woman. "It's just father. He always talks like that when he's excited. He had to come here because it's mother's bridge night and she wouldn't let him use the phone at home."

Notorious for its jay-walkers, Winnipeg wrote a new by-law a couple of months ago to regulate pedestrian traffic downtown. Anyone caught jay-walking or walking against traffic lights would receive a summons.

A local department store met the innovation with a lavish window



display of women's and men's apparel and this advice: "Look best for your first arrest."

A cruiser-car constable reported to a western Ontario branch of the Provincial Police recently that a Kentucky police call was interfering with radio reception. The radio office promptly broadcast a message to its cars: "The Yanks are messing up our wave length. Please report to your office by phone."

A few weeks later a letter arrived at Ontario Police headquarters from

the Kentucky police. "We don't mind being charged with 'messing up' your wave length," it said, "but we must object to being referred to as Yanks."

A visitor in Calgary parked near a fire hydrant, but was confident that traffic police would make allowances for the fact he was from out of town. When he returned several hours later, however, there was a ticket on his car. The visitor thought he had



an answer to that too. He promptly telephoned the police and reported his car stolen.

"For three days," he writes plaintively, "I knew where the car was but the police didn't, and I was afraid to tell them." Finally he did—and paid the fine.

A Quebec game warden, patrolling a fishing area, came upon an elderly man wearing hip boots and carrying a rod and tackle, trudging along the path to a stream. The warden asked to see his fishing license.

The old man glared at him. "Can't go nowhere without running into you guys," he said angrily. "Well, I ain't fishing."

"No, but you're going to."

"Maybe I am and maybe I ain't," said the old man, and pushed along the path.

The warden followed him until he came to the stream, where the old man carefully tied a fly, stepped into the water, flipped his rod a couple of times and made a cast. Then he reached into his pocket and produced a license.

"Now," he snarled, "I'm fishing."

A Winnipeg schoolteacher had assigned her pupils to write an essay about a personal experience which had made a lasting impression on their lives.

"For example," she said, "when I was small my brother pushed me into a deep pond. I couldn't swim and I almost drowned. Now, here's the part I want to emphasize—Would you believe it, I've been afraid of water ever since."

She recoiled suddenly at a whisper from the back of the room: "Absolutely."

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